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"A Girl in Every Port"

Paintings by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

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Her eyes are deep and dark and dusky,
Her tender voice a trifle husky;
With tricksy gems I would adorn her—
But wouldn't trust her 'round the corner!

Couldn't Freeze Ice If The Water Wasn't "Dirty"

"How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall
At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall."

WHEN Eugene Field wrote these words about "The clink of the ice in the pitcher" he probably didn't know that he really was singing the praises of a speck of dust. Yet if the water that made the tinkling ice had been a little bit dirty the poet might never have had any ice to write about, according to recent scientific discoveries.

Dr. N. Ernest Dorsey of the National Bureau of Standards has been, for several months, on one of those earnest hunts that seem to fascinate scientists so much. This time trying to find out what makes water turn to ice.

Little boys and girls, too, have asked this same question many times. Fond mamas and papas, and perhaps not too fond teachers, may have quieted the questioners by saying that cold weather or temperature makes water freeze. But Dr. Dorsey reports in a recent issue of the Bureau's Journal of Research that it is not cold temperatures alone but little specks of dust to folks who are not so technical, that are at the bottom of this mysterious change in water from liquid to crystal.

Not even a scientist will say that cold has nothing to do with it, for anyone can see that ponds freeze in winter when the weather is cold and not in summer when it is hot. But scientists in laboratory experiments are able to make a glass of water much colder than water is when it freezes naturally in the pond. Yet the extremely cold water in the laboratory glass may not turn to ice. This is what scientists call "super-cooled" water.

In these days when pressing a button can turn on a mechanical refrigerator in the kitchen or an air-conditioning system throughout the house to keep things cool, the threat of no ice if all dust specks suddenly should disappear may not seem anything to get excited about.

A lot of people may not share Eugene Field's enthusiasm about "clinking ice." In these prosaic individuals a scientifically super-cooled drink without ice would be just as refreshing as one that is iced. If scientists can super-cool water such scarred folks also should be able to find that everyone with ireless super-cooled beverages for sultry summer days. Then why not forget about "dust" and "ice"?

But to other individuals the very music the ice makes in pitcher or glass has a lot to do with how cool they feel. So these folks probably will hope for bigger and better dust specks in water if that is what it takes to make the ice.

Dr. Dorsey may be one of the lovers of ice music. At any rate he studied the making of ice in samples of 37 different kinds of water from rivers, springs, melted snow, distilled water, city reservoirs and other sources. Each of these samples of water was sealed up in a stout glass tube and was super-cooled until it reached a coldness where it turned to ice.

The Bureau of Standards scientist discovered that water with a lot of dust specks or motes in it needed less super-cooling before it turned to ice than water with only a few such motes. Similarly, big motes seemed to cause water to freeze with less coldness than was required for water containing nothing but little motes. To prove this Dr. Dorsey took a little piece of solid material that would compare in size to a large dust speck. He put this in the water and watched how ice crystals seemed to start from this mote and grow out into the water until the whole tube of liquid had turned to crystal.

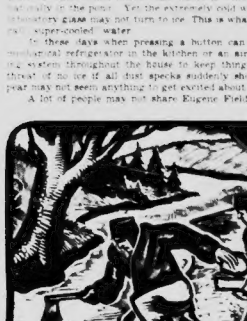
Out of all the 37 samples of water that Dr. Dorsey watched while they changed from water to ice, two samples were of especially pure distilled water, probably having only a few tiny motes. These water samples were cooled down to as much as 36 Fahrenheit degrees below the usual freezing point of water before they turned to ice.

How is it that ordinary little dust specks have "what it takes to make ice"? The secret seems to be that dust specks are very attractive not to folks who have to chase these bits of dirt out of the house every day or who nearly choke to death after breathing too much dust, but to the little molecules in ordinary water.

A glass full of water may look quite calm and peaceful but, and here again one must depend on the researches of science for information, the water really is a seething mass of wildly dancing water molecules. The warmer the water the faster the molecules hop about.

Dust specks that may be in the glass of water join in the molecular dance but do not dance so rapidly. It is because of that like handsome strangers at a party these relatively sober bits of dust exert their "come hither" attractiveness on the dancing water particles. Many such water molecules probably find this attraction too great to be resisted and, losing their dance mania, settle around the dust-particle "charmer."

This is how most scientists interpret what was happening when Dr. Dorsey saw ice crystals grow from the mote which he put into the water. As more and more molecules became attracted to the mote and its collection of water particles, the ice crystal grew. Now motionless, these particles were changed to ice by the cold. When all the liquid in the tube had turned to crystal that probably meant that every molecule had ceased to move about and had become a part of the solid mass.



The Scientist Sampled Ice from a Frozen River as Well as 36 Other Sources. In Every Case He Found That "Dirt" Was Necessary for Freezing Water

Cheated And Robbed Her 16 Husbands---But They Still Love Her

BLUE BEARD, the rich scoundrel whose eighth bride found out he had killed the other seven, is just a make-believe villain in a popular French tale written by Charles Perrault in the Seventeenth Century. Since then there have been hundreds of Blue Beards in real life. It's just as if truth annoyed at being outdone by a fabricated story, has been trying to get even.

The latest news stamped with the fantastic Blue Beard pattern is the reported capture in Warsaw, Poland, of a smart polygamist who was surprised in her salon. Madame Blue Beard, as she has been named, didn't kill her husbands, but cheated and robbed them all. She had just twice as many husbands as Blue Beard had wives and like her disgraceful namesake was betrayed by the last of the lot.

A surprise raid by detectives trapped her just as she was laying plans to marry her seventeenth husband. As soon as she learned that her last husband had given her away, she submitted to arrest without objection.

"It is my punishment, she sighed. "I am getting old. My other 15 husbands would not have reported me to the police because they loved me too much.

The lovely Janina Dembsky seems to be bragging, but it took develops that she meant it. Not one of her 15 husbands before them had ever reported that she robbed and deserted them. Each of them was still madly in love with her, hopeful that she would return, and grateful to the last. Even the one who has turned her in is reported to be mortified over his betrayal of her.

Like Blue Beard, Janina never knew poverty.

Yet at the tender age of 18 Janina made up her mind to follow polygamy as a profession. She picked the richest of her suitors and married him. He was the first and the last husband she married under her own name. Her proud bridegroom congratulated himself that he was the luckiest man in Warsaw. But three months after their marriage he vanished.

Her husband came home late evening to find not only his wife missing but also every piece of furniture the movers in the wall safe and even his mother and belongings. He rubbed his eyes after seeing this, then he ran downstairs to find out what had happened to his home. He found that his wife had told the landlady they were moving. The name of the moving van company enabled him to trace the furniture to a commercial house which had purchased everything. Of Janina there was not a trace.

He never told the authorities.

The police unwilling to believe that love was his only reason for his silence, point out that he may have dreaded the scandal and humiliation that would have followed had his fellow citizens learned how his wife duped him.

Janina in the meantime went to Lodz, another town in Poland. By means of notoriety it was easy for her to change her appearance. She dyed her hair, plucked her eyebrows and made up her face in a different way. To complete the change she also assumed a new name and obtained false documents. She did not bother to divorce her husband, she just set out to acquire a second one—this time a physician. They spent two happy months together and then she left him, burgling his flat, selling everything and disappearing without leaving a clue.

The moral of these episodes for Janina was to do it again because it worked so well. She was pretty and clever and men couldn't help falling in love with her. Her victims were rapturously happy when Janina, under various pseudonyms, consented to marry them.

Each time the honeymoon was followed by the husband's being jilted and robbed.

According to Janina, there were physicians, engineers, business men, writers and executives among my husbands. It was a liberal education to see how men in the various professions are all alike—all gullible. But the easiest to catch were the intellectuals. Their thoughts are concentrated on theoretical problems and they don't even notice if a woman is making a fool of them.

"But I must say I was fond of all of my 15 husbands. I went so far as to divorce three of them legally. The rest are still legitimate husbands of mine."

Janina did not squander the money she stole from her husbands. She had planned to live comfortably when she would be too old to vamp men.

For ten years Madame Blue Beard practiced her strange and illegal profession that depended on a rapid turnover of husbands. The police cannot understand why 15 of her husbands should have been so chivalrous as never to tell the police. They know she is pretty, but it seems illogical to them that a woman could be so mean and not arouse a desire for vengeance among those she fooled.

But as the fifteenth Blue Beard made the mistake of giving his last name to the wife he chased, and the other seven, Janina is uneasily haunted on his last husband that he was number 16. Still he had accepted her breaking off with his family, which opposed the marriage, so well. Only when she left him as she had all the others taking all the money he had left in the world, did he realize that he had given up his family for a crook as well as a bigamist.

All along he had been sure he would find his wife and get back his money. But he never found her. Now he knows that she has given up his family for a crook as well as a bigamist.

All along he had been sure he would find his wife and get back his money. But he never found her. Now he knows that she has given up his family for a crook as well as a bigamist.

Poland's "Madame Blue Beard" Was Caught When After Doing the Same Thing to 15 Other Husbands She Made the Mistake of Robbing and Leaving the Sixteenth Victim of Her Lucrative Racket.

"Mama Had 38 Children---And Didn't Know It"

REMEMBER the old saying about "the woman who lived in a shoe"? She had so many children she didn't know what to do with them all. But she wasn't a very wise mother because she spanked them and sent them supperless to bed. Mrs. Sarah Harrington Womack, who lives in Dallas, Texas, has had more children than most people would know what to do with, but she doesn't seem to mind, even though she couldn't keep track of them all. She thought she had 37 children, a fantastic number in itself as any mother will agree. But recently she began going over them by name and adding them up and found to her surprise that there had been 38.

Whereupon the thirty-second or so a little boy chirped up: "Mama had 38 children, and didn't know it."

Of course, that's leaving the line pretty fine, if you ask Mrs. Womack. What's one child more or less among a flock of ones, five sets of twins, three sets of triplets, one set of quadruplets and one of quintuplets?

And the mother of them all is a good-natured patient and pleasant woman born in Dallas County, February 14, 1886. She has lived in the same county ever since. But while she hasn't traveled much, she has accomplished wonders.

The daughter of an Indian and the granddaughter of a Cherokee Indian squaw, she had a curious combination of fortitude and benevolence from her forbears that made her able to fill her strange destiny, which was to bring forth and bring up nearly two score children. From childhood she worked in the fields, and this gave her the physical stamina she was to need.

The week before she was married, for example, at the age of 14, she picked a bale of cotton. Of her early marriage she says: "I ought to have been spanked. Soon after the turn of the century she had a boy. From then on I had them every year," she says. "It was a rare year that brought only one baby."

She didn't mind it a bit. Mothers who complain about the bother of raising their children get no sympathy from Mrs. Womack. In spite of the way they have multiplied, she loves all her children and is proud of them. If she had her life to relive, she would do it all over again. Birth control she believes is all right for those who care for it, she is happy the way things are.

Of course it was a struggle. Even that can be a source of pride, such as the fact that she never fell into debt in the face of adversity. "I was a pretty good manager, I reckon," she declares. "I never bought groceries on credit and have always been able to pay my house rent."

In the complicated and sophisticated social life of today it is unusual to find a woman with the simplicity, benevolence and fecundity of Mother Earth herself. Mrs. Womack was not embittered even by the tragedy of losing many of the children at birth because she couldn't afford to get a doctor.

In spite of all the handicaps she experienced, townsmen say she is in her way a model mother. One of the things she is proud of is that not one of her children ever had to go to jail. She says she taught them to work, not to steal. Many a rich mother can't make that boast.

Although Mrs. Womack's job of motherhood was carried out on a grander scale, the job remains the same with her as it does with anybody in any day of age. She had to take care of the thousand and one chores of maternity, multiplied in her case, and in addition was no slouch at making a living. For most women it would be too much of a job to bring 38 children into the world, let alone do anything else. Mrs. Womack and one of the sons have been the chief breadwinners of the family for years. Her husband has been disabled by attacks of typhoid-pneumonia and influenza, followed by failing eyesight. At present Mrs. Womack works at the local WPA sewing room.

Aside from being a good provider, she has been a good mother in other respects. All the children were baptized when they were small. Mrs. Womack has belonged to a protestant church for a quarter of a century. Not only is the five-foot six-inch, 174 pound mother healthy in her own right, she has given her children excellent bodies so that except at birth they have never had medical attention.

Twelve of the children are now living, six of them at the home of their parents. Only one boy out of the three sets of triplets, and a boy and a girl of the quadruplets, are alive. The death of the quintuplets Mrs. Womack blames on the fact that no doctor was present. Otherwise, she likes to believe, they might have been alive and famous like the Dionnes.

Twins run in the family, as a matter of fact, for her mother had a set, her brother-in-law had another pair, and a daughter still another. One of her sons has been the father of triplets. In all Mrs. Womack has been over a grandmother 19 times, and 10 of her grandchildren are alive.

It is almost a distinction of its own not to have been born a twin in the Womack household. As one of the boys put it, "I was by myself, hurrah!"

What does Papa Womack have to say about it all? "No use to kick agin it, the Lord sent 'em," is his only comment. But many citizens of Dallas County believe that the thing that sums up this mother's admirable homespun philosophy of life is her own expression: "I never have no fusses with nobody. I love everybody."

To an all-embracing patience such as this, 38 children, like all the other trials and tribulations of the world, are nothing to worry about.

At One of the Reunions of the Big Family, Mother Womack Lost Count of Her Menage and a Youngster Piped Up, "Mama Had 38 Children and Didn't Know It."

Left-handed Ping-pong A Cure For Stuttering?

COMEDIANS on the stage have repeatedly used stuttering characters to amuse the public. Smetana, the Czech composer, wrote a comic opera, "The Bartered Bride," in which the main singing part is played by a stuttering singer to the amusement of the listeners. Yet stammering is an affliction that often impedes people in their ambition to succeed in their trade or profession.

To stop their children from stammering mothers used to put pebbles in the children's tongues. Later, physicians discovered that stuttering is a nervous disorder which gives the subject a definite inferiority complex. For years scientists have looked for the cause and the cure for this speech impediment. Not long ago attempts were made to cure patients in airplanes with parachutes tied to their backs. During the flight, when they least expected it, they were pushed out of the plane. Sometimes this worked, sometimes it didn't.

Not so many years ago scientists discovered that left-handed persons forced to work and write with their right hand became nervous, and that the change often caused them to stammer. Specialists at the Colorado General Hospital have since learned by experiments that 98 per cent of human beings who are right-handed are at the same time right-footed, right-legged and right-eyed. In the same way was general "leftyness" true of left-handed people.

Forced Right-Handedness Often Causes Stuttering, and Science Says South paw's Ping pong Cures It.

Working from these premises at the University of Minnesota, Dr. Bryngelson conducted experiments to make life easier for southpaws who in their earlier life were forced to work with their right hand. He soon perceived that left handed people who were also afflicted with stammering lost their affliction when permitted to do everything left-handed.

For the past ten years Dr. Bryngelson successfully conducted a speech clinic in which he carried out his theory that stuttering often is caused by a shift in dominance from the left to the right hand.

The major corrective for stuttering at this speech clinic is left-handed ping-pong. Original southpaws through this left handed game gradually adjust themselves back to their natural urge to use their left hand. By using their left hand they soon lose every trace of nervousness, and usually stop stuttering.

Dr. Bryngelson thinks that by exercising the undeveloped hand a dominance is built up in that side of the brain originally intended to control the speech muscles.

Playing ping-pong, however, is not the only method used in the speech clinic. The entire left side of the stutterer is co-ordinated. The stutterer's left ear, for instance, is stimulated by an ear-phone. He repeats what he hears and writes it down with his left hand.

Marital Notes of a Puzzled Opera Singer

Weird Discords in the Laws That Make Baritone Everett Marshall a Happy, Romantic Bridegroom in Texas, But the Bewildered Husband in a Separation Suit in New York—*and It Costs and Costs*

Mrs. Carolina Marshall, the Singer's First Wife, Whose Separation Suit in New York Has Tangled Up Mr. Marshall's Affairs—and Resources.

"MORALS are a matter of geography." Though nobody charges him with bigamy, Everett Robert Marshall, grand opera baritone, is legally married to two women but with certain complicating restrictions as to his marital rights. He is lawfully entitled to live with either spouse but not both at the same time nor probably at the same place. It is mostly a matter of geography.

For instance, if Mr. Marshall wished to tour the country with both wives (which he does not), it would probably be advisable, in order to avoid any unlikely technicality, to engage three state-rooms in compartments on the train. While within the State of Texas he could, with all propriety, occupy the one with wife number two, the former Edna Strong.

Though the first wife, Mrs. Carolina Segrera Marshall, might beat on the door demanding her husband's arrest, the law and the officers of the law of Texas would tell her that she had no rights or interest in her husband and what he might be doing. Also it would be nobody else's business because Everett and Edna are as legally and respectably married as any couple in the State of Texas as long as they stay in Texas. The singer even could have his first wife arrested for annoying him and disturbing the peace.

But if the train should eventually pass over into New York State the situation would be exactly reversed. Then, if it were agreeable both to Mr. Marshall and his first wife, he could spend the rest of the trip to New York City in Carolina's compartment and it would be none of the business of the second Mrs. Marshall. According to the New York courts, which, though they may know that Edna was married to Everett, [illegible] that she has any right or claim on him within the Empire State.

While journeying across the States between Texas and New York it might be prudent for Mr. Marshall to occupy a third bachelor stateroom and not let either wife in, if he wanted to be strictly on the safe side. Should either one catch him in there with the other, the catcher could bring suit for divorce in whatever State it happened, naming the other as corespondent. What a divorce court of one of these neutral States would do about it is somewhat uncertain, depending on whether the judge would favor the courts of New York or of Texas, which are at loggerheads on the matter.

Right now Mr. Marshall is living in New York City with his second wife, which is wrong geographically and lays him open to a divorce suit by his first wife, who has threatened to do that very thing, but who is so busy [illegible] pictures at Hollywood that perhaps she will have no time just now to do more than shake a legal fist at him. Mr. Marshall shook one back at her with the following statement:

"I have decided to discontinue the appeal because I am just about fed up with court actions and want no more of them. I have been advised that my Texas divorce is a valid decree in any State of the Union. And it is good here. I have entered into a financial agreement with Mrs. Marshall (the first) and I intend to live up to it. I hope that I am through with any further court proceedings.

"However, if my first wife dares to bring an action for divorce against me, naming my present wife as corespondent, I shall begin a fight anew and fight up to the courts of last resort to have my Texas divorce declared valid and proper as I have been informed it is."

The appeal, now abandoned, had him for a while in an even more extraordinary position, that of being married to one woman and at the same time protesting against a legal separation from another wife. Mr. Marshall had been a bona-fide resident of Texas for nearly three years and while singing at Fort Worth decided to get a divorce from his wife, whom he had not even seen in many years.

He was advised that under the circumstances a Texas divorce would be recognized anywhere. But when he notified Mrs. Marshall she rushed into the New York courts asking and finally receiving a decree of separation together with $300 a week alimony. As a starter she was granted an injunction forbidding her husband to sue for divorce anywhere outside of New York.

The singer's legal advisers in Texas assured him that New York had no such jurisdiction over the resident of another State and therefore the result was void. The Texas courts seemed to understand this thoroughly and granted him a decree of absolute divorce, but New York [illegible] the laws of all the Manhattan [illegible] their biggest [illegible]. He might be in contempt of court there for getting that Texas divorce and would be again if he failed to make those staggering alimony payments. Mr. Marshall was in much the same predicament as the man who had been told that a dog who wags his tail won't bite but the dog didn't know that and bit him just the same.

The singer, finding himself still a married though separated man in New York and condemned to a tax of $300 a week for life, asked the court to let him reopen the case that he might prove untrue the charges of desertion and neglect on which the decree had been won by default, but was told that it was too late. His only hope of getting his side of the case heard was to appeal to a higher court, and he did so. Meanwhile he hustled back to Texas to earn more money for these expenses.

As his New York lawyer, Kevie Frankel, was preparing the presentation of the case, his client casually mentioned in a letter that he was about to marry a Miss Edna Strong who, like his wife, is a performer, a dancer. Mr. Frankel promptly sent him a vigorous telegram, warning him not to do it, at least until after the appeal had been decided.

A Bride in Texas, But What About New York? Bride Edna, Like Bridegroom Everett, Is Bewildered About It All.

Mr. Marshall [illegible] be possible after. A New York court had enjoined him from getting a Texas divorce and now his own lawyer in New York foresaw the same [illegible] in Texas where everyone agreed that both the divorce and any marriage based on it would be "good as the wheat." Mr. Frankel urged that a marriage based on that divorce, threatened in New York, would probably prejudice the Appellate Division against his appeal. But love was blind to any such argument, the marriage took place and the happy couple returned to Manhattan hoping to receive the blessing of the Empire State.

After considerable discussion the baritone was persuaded that winning his point would not be enough and he had better drop that appeal. The reasons briefly are as follows: Even if he won the appeal, this would only give him the right to answer his wife's separation suit. He would then have to go to trial on the proposition of who is to receive the separation.

If he then won at the trial, which would be a miracle in view of his remarriage, he still would be only legally separated, not divorced, and therefore his present wife would still have no legal standing in New York. This insignificant crumb of victory, which there was so little hope of winning, would involve enormous expense and more unpleasant publicity.

On the other hand, if Carolina would get herself a nice, quiet, Reno divorce, without insulting the second Mrs. Marshall by naming her as corespondent, it would straighten the tangle out nicely and all would be well except for one thing. In that separation suit the first Mrs. Marshall had laid on the mud with a large [illegible] court [illegible] his public [illegible]. Mr. Marshall did not realize until too late that letting the case go by default also meant not getting his denial of the charges on record.

His desire to reopen the case was largely to get a chance to answer her publicly, and when the court refused, he was silenced again. However, he put it all into a long affidavit among the papers connected with his appeal only to have that buried forever in the archives of the Appellate Division when it was necessary to drop the appeal. He smarts under the feeling that he has been called names in public and yet every time he rises up to deny them the law tells him to sit down. Most of all he resents the imputation of an unfatherly attitude toward their six-year-old daughter Helen. Of this he says:

"I am now 37 years old and should not be required to go through life branded in the eyes of my child and the public as one who abandoned his wife and unseen child. I ask leave to spread the true facts on the records of the court, so that my child when she grows up will not blush at the hearing of my name or wince at the sight of me."

The ambitious young baritone and the Cuban beauty met and fell in love at Milan, Italy, where both were training for grand opera and, with every interest in common, it seemed like an ideal marriage. The happy couple came to New York where they proceeded to become unhappy. The husband sang at the Metropolitan and moved rapidly up the long ladder of success. Mrs. Marshall had said that it was her husband's ambition which caused his alleged neglect of his wife and daughter, but Mr. Marshall asserts that she exactly reversed the truth.

Instead of being happy at his success, he [illegible] as [illegible] moody, sulky and [illegible] with everything because she could not get work. [illegible] that it was her career, not the marriage, that counted, and did his best to get her launched, but in vain. His affidavit states:

"Her dissatisfaction reached a point where she became jealous of everything I did and everyone I saw. Because I played the piano when I rehearsed and she could not play the piano, it brought upon her violent fits of temper. I finally arranged to have my accompanist play for her. When I thought that difficulty ironed out, another petty obstacle arose.

"She insisted upon rehearsing at the very time that I had reserved for rehearsals. I had my roles and parts to learn for the Metropolitan and that required considerable time and study at the piano. When I prevailed upon her to permit me to do it, she would wander around the house crying, moaning, begrudging the fact that she was wasting her time, insisting that had she known all this she never would have married me. She went so far as to explain to my mother that she hated me and everything about me."

The charge that hurt him most of all was that he never wanted to see his child. For this reason he was accused of packing the expectant mother off to Italy because the confinement would be cheaper there but from then on had kept her marooned without funds in Europe. This is his answer:

"How that supposed niggardly desire to save money is reconcilable with my sending my sister with my wife, both of whom went and remained at my expense is beyond my comprehension. She stayed with my wife about two years and I was sending funds at

Mr. Marshall and His New Bride, Who Were Married in Texas Because Mr. Marshall's Divorce Was Granted There. Mrs. Marshall, Formerly Dancer Edna Strong, Sits (Above) in Her Stage Costume.

(Continued on Page 35)

This Scrappy World

SOME observant sage long ago said that "the soul craves not peace but action." He might have put it "all the world loves a fight" because the urge to battle seems to be born in every creature from the lowest germ to man himself.

The photographs on this page and a library could be filled with other pictures like them show what a scrappy world this is. While dictators are rattling the sabre at prime ministers and armies are locked in bitter warfare in Spain and the East, every frog pond is a battlefield where arch enemies snap and gobble to destroy each other, and the woods and fields are alive with contests of tooth and claw.

One of the pictures at the right, a remarkable shot by a photographer in Australia, shows a couple of male elephant beetles demonstrating that their souls, if they have any craze not peace but action, and action to the death. Their pincer-like jaws are amazing weapons for their size and weight and in battle the beetles use them as effectively as trained soldiers use the bayonet and the machine gun.

The cats in the circle are of course fighting in an act. But they have the will to fight even when they are posing before a movie camera with miniature boxing gloves tied on their paws. Take the cats off and these felines would scratch and growl at each other in the good-humored catty way. Like most members of their breed, they seem to enjoy a yowling scrap.

Even the graceful seagulls, with miles of ocean to do their fishing in, are short-tempered and spend a good deal of their time brawling over some tidbit snatched from the water or the shore.

Every zoo keeper knows that this is a scrappy world and has to spend much of his time patching up quarrels and repairing the damage that the live exhibits on the place inflict on one another. One of the photographs on this page was snapped in the zoo at Brisbane, Australia, when a frilled lizard met up with an iguana in the reptile house.

The frilled lizard instinctively blew up its scaly collar in a menacing gesture toward the iguana. But the latter refused to be intimidated by any such goings-on and grabbed the frill in its ugly maw. Keepers tried to separate the battlers without succeeding. The frilled lizard's pretty neckpiece, but it took them half an hour and the vanquished had to be taken to the zoo hospital for extensive repairs. The iguana came out of the fight with not a scratch.

The Instinctive Urge to Fight Is Dramatically Shown in This Remarkable Close-Up of Two Elephant Beetles Battling With Their Powerful Pincer-Like Jaws. The Picture Was Snapped in Australia.

Even the Graceful Gulls Go Around With a Chip on Their Streamlined Shoulders. These Birds Are Hagging Over a Fish That One of Them Snatched Out of the Sea.

In All the Animal Kingdom Cats Have a Reputation for Their Love of Battle. These Felines, Appearing in a Movie Comedy, Temporarily Gave Up the Fine Of Fighting With Tooth and Claw to Observe the Marquis of Queensbury Rules of the Ring.

— And Left —

This Bitter Row Fought in the Zoo at Brisbane, Australia, Was Staged by an Iguana and a Frilled Lizard. The Iguana Won the Bout and Its Antagonist Had to Be Taken to the Zoo Hospital to Have Its Wounds Patched Up.

Cards That Giant Could Play With

THE CARD [illegible] in the photograph [illegible] for the stage for the origin of a Chicago [illegible]. It probably could find an [illegible] of such pasteboards with ease. The strange thing is that the design [illegible] were [illegible] for themselves by enlarging the apparatus used in a fantastic degree. Huge checker boards as big as pastures with giant counters, chess boards with [illegible] pieces to be played and even [illegible] are more or less familiar features of American life, of which amusement in a big way is a major part.

[illegible] Queen of Hearts and Hazel Roby. In the [illegible] of a [illegible] a couple [illegible] A [illegible] be a [illegible] shelter and [illegible] that is [illegible] stand up [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] to play with such cards.

The contestants in the tournament found playing with the big cards a [illegible] process.

These Three Queens Were the Hit of a Bridge Tournament Recently Held at Inglewood, California. Several Hands Were Played With a Special Deck of Cards and Each "Pasteboard" Was Four Feet High—Just About the Right Size for a Giant.

Let 500 Bees Sting Him

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Elmer Gruber, a New Jersey beekeeper, pioneered the [illegible]

[illegible] with the [illegible] are [illegible] patients who were able to stand the stings and get a remarkable [illegible] only three [illegible] improvement. The [illegible] patient never got worse.

Ohio's Earthbound Airliner

MOTORISTS rolling into the Bond Hill, Ohio, service station, in the rich suburbs of Cincinnati, often step on the brakes when they glimpse the earthbound modern airliner rising the road's edge in the picture below. Then when they get a good look at the strange silhouette from the sky they swing into its grassy parking field and come to a stop. A "good" crowd is running up and the driver as often as not tells him to fill 'er up. The Ohio airplane is a cleverly disguised gas station. That has to be there and never will.

Aviation enthusiasts invariably drive to the "airport" at the side of the road for auto fuel. "Just curious" motorists also stop, by the thousands. It's a good chance for them to brush up on aviation terminology because the attendant knows his planes as well as he does his cars.

While their cars are taking on gas and oil visitors stretch their legs and look over the not-flying machine wings, propeller, rudder and all. The proprietor encourages this kind of "kibitzing." It helps his business.

At night the place becomes a striking sight. From a distance, it looks like a giant liner with lights from all its windows. Its lobby is carefully substituted with an office in the cockpit and a [illegible] above the rear of the cabin. Because the well-located station stays where it is it can be a small fixed-location and even provides rest rooms for weary tourists.

One of the Most Unusual Filling Stations in the World Is This One on Reading Road, Between Cincinnati and Bond Hill, Ohio. The Striking Replica of a Modern Airliner Is Solidly Set on the Ground and Never Will Take to the Air.

Swingin' the Football Cheer

Six Pretty Mt. Lebanon High School Girls (Jitterbugs to You) Modernize the Old Rah-Rah-Rah by Truckin' the Team to Victory and Start a Nationwide College Fad

These Are the Swingin' Six Cheer Leaders Going Into the New Routine of "Sissy Britches"—And Does It Put a Wallop in the Roar for the Home Team.

And Here Is the "Suzy Q Leap," the Swing Finale to the Big Cheer.

FOOTBALL cheering has gone swing. Six pretty girls from Mt. Lebanon High School, Pa., have organized a cheering squad which outrivals any other in rousing roars from the crowd or putting school spirit into visible action. What they have done is to set their cheers to swing time by leading them by truckin', doin' the "Suzy-Q" and "Sissy Britches." And there must be something to it, for so far the team has been undefeated.

Last spring some 200 girls tried out as cheer leaders. Six were chosen, and they started practicing as soon as the football squad got under way. They train every night after school and write their own cheers. They're different and they're good. Although they have abandoned the "sis-boom-bah" sort of stuff as being old-fashioned, they still use an occasional "rah-rah-rah" for good sportsmanship.

Their most popular cheer is one that will probably be copied from coast to coast. It goes like this:

"Eena dicka, teena dicka, teena dicka, fa,
(They truck to this)
B Bibi baba, B Bibi baba,
(Sissy Britches—if you can't guess this one, look at the picture)
Eena dicka, teena dicka, teena dicka, fa,
(They truck on down)
Mt. Lebanon High School
(Sissy Britches again)
Rah, rah, rah."
(A Suzy Q jump high in the air)

Truckin' always sends the crowd, many of them high school students with whom, by this time, truckin' has become more popular than walking. Sissy Britches is sort of a truckin' step. Actually it is hopping forward, ankles together, skirts lifted. The Suzy-Q jump is a simple leap in the air, legs together, feet thrown back.

Most cheering squads use flags. Their cheers are jumping in the air, arms waving. The Mt. Lebanon girls clap their hands together and swing, swinging their hands back of their heads. The crowd goes wild when they do that.

The cheer itself is catchy and strays away from the stiff style of former years. The team has noticed the difference, too. In a fight spirit in a game very often the cheers were mixed with rows, shots and the team couldn't get much encouragement out of the rooting. Now, even the team is caught by the contagious gaiety of the swingy cheer and it's not unusual for an old-fashioned "slip-and-slide" from the field.

Each girl gets her chance to "shine." Mary M. Gallup is the star of the "Sissy Britches" cheer, the cheer with the swing-truckin' step. Marjorie Hix is a Suzy-Q specialist, and she can leap into the air with a grace that would make a prima ballerina green with envy.

The girls have also written their own football song, which is sung to the tune of "A Tisket A Tasket." The song goes like this:

A touchdown! A touchdown!
We must have a touchdown
And if we do not get the score
We think that we shall die.

Don't drop it! Don't drop it!
Come on now, boys, don't drop it,
Take the ball across their goal
And we will win once more.

Was it blocked? No, no, no, no.
Was it tackled? No, no, no, no.
Was it fumbled? No, no, no, no.
We just want a touchdown!

The song goes on for all a line of the most

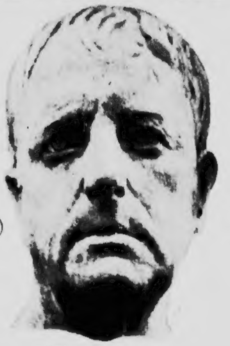
(Continued on Page 18)

"Truckin' On Down" to "Eena dicka, teena dicka, feena dicka, fa," Instead of the Old Rah-Rah-Rah, Begins the Mt. Lebanon Cheer.

And Just for Comparison, Here Are Four of the Girls Showing the Old Fashioned, Stiff and Formal and "Corny" Attitudes of the Cheer Leaders Before the Cheer Went Jitterbuggy.

No "Pure" Human Race


① What Is She?—New England Schoolm'am, an Old American Aristocrat—or What?


②

A Good Hard Fighting Chap, Whatever He Is—What Do You Think He Is?


③ At Any Rate a Very Charming Young Lady—Might Be French, Even American—What Do You Think?


④ Here's a Fine Sculptured Head—What's His Nationality?


⑤ This Pretty Girl—Italian, Greek or What?

Dr. Pezet, Eminent Sociologist, Explains How Since Earliest Times Men Have Interbred and Mingled Strains and That This Process Is Now Increasing More Rapidly Than Ever Despite Boasts of Dictators About Racial "Integrity"

By DR. A. WASHINGTON PEZET,
Eminent Sociologist, Author and Investigator.

DESPITE the boasts of Hitler and Mussolini, there is no such thing as a "pure" Aryan race or a "pure" Roman race of any kind. [illegible] were possible to keep a race pure by continuous inbreeding, that would not be a good thing for any group or nation.

This is not the opinion of some of the writers [illegible] anthropologists and scientists who study man, and furthermore they are beginning to doubt that there ever has been a pure human race.

From the earliest times different groups of men have fought and conquered each other, mated and bred with each other and mingled their strains. Since white men began their world adventure some four hundred years ago, spreading out from Europe to America, Africa, Asia and Australasia, this process has been progressing more rapidly than ever.

There is, strictly speaking, only one human race, since all kinds of men can freely interbreed. Only this summer at an International Congress at Copenhagen, Professor Nordenstreng of the Swedish University of Upsala declared that it is entirely impossible to differentiate between the human races, as all those belong to one and the same family, are in fact just one big family. This view was supported by other distinguished scientists of different nationalities attending the Congress.

Professors Julian S. Huxley and A. C. Haddon, distinguished British scientists, in their recent authoritative book, "We Europeans," prove conclusively that there is no sharp line separating the so-called races of mankind.

"A typical white man is very different from a typical Chinese or a typical Negro," they state, "but white is connected with black and also with yellow through every gradation."

In India, in Africa, in Brazil we find whites merging into blacks by imperceptible stages. And right across the great continent of Europe and Asia there is a band of peoples, typically white at the European end and as typically yellow at the Asiatic end, who blend from one into the other.

Scientists today are [illegible] opposed to the use of the word "race" as applied to the different kinds of men now inhabiting the earth.

Fuehrer Hitler's picture of "pure Aryans" is sheer nonsense, and so is Dictator Mussolini's idea of pure "Romans."

Professors Huxley and Haddon point out in the book just quoted that "the popular term 'race' is so loose that it turns out to be unworkable, and the scientific analysis of human populations shows that the variation of man has taken place on lines quite different from those characteristic of other animals. In other animals the term 'subspecies' has been substituted for 'race.'

"In man, migration and crossing have produced such a fluid state of affairs that no such clear-cut term is permissible. What we observe is the relative isolation of groups, their migration and their crossing."

These distinguished scientists go on to say that instead of the word "race" we should use "ethnic group" or simply "people," and they show that the present-day widespread misuse of the word "race" is being made the excuse for all sorts of absurd claims of superiority by certain groups and persecution of other groups dubbed as inferior, when, as a matter of fact, neither group is pure and both are mixtures of many of the same ingredients.

The members of the so-called "white race" are already so different as almost to defy analysis. Scientists distinguish three general types, not races: the "Nordics," who are tall, muscular, blue-eyed, fair-haired and long-headed; the Mediterraneans, small, short, slender, brown-eyed, dark-haired and long-headed, and the Alpine or Eurasiatic type, of medium height, stocky, brown-eyed, grey-eyed or green-eyed, dark-haired and broad-headed. But even this is too simple, for there are "Nordics" with broad heads, Mediterraneans and Alpines who are tall and blond Alpines.

All the white peoples of Europe and the United States are mixtures of these three main types, with small amounts of many other types to make the mixture even more complicated. The claim that Germany is a nation of Aryans, as they call them, and that Aryans are a pure and superior race is stoutly denied by the vast majority of the world's leading scientists.

According to Professor Huxley, "there is a German nation, there is a German language and a Germanic group of languages, there is a Germanic culture. There are perhaps Germanic peoples, but racially these are a blend of Nordic, Mediterranean and Alpine, with dashes of Gypsy, Jew and Mongol."

It may seem startling to some to learn that there is a dash of Mongol or yellow strain in the German people, but the idea is by no means new. Two generations ago, at the time of the German invasion of France during the Franco-Prussian War, the French anthropologist de Quatrefages roused a verbal storm in Germany by saying that the Prussians were racially kin to the Mongolian Finns and therefore really barbarian interlopers among the civilized races of Europe.

This statement has since been supported by other scientists. Only a few weeks ago in the address to the Section on Geography of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Griffith Taylor, of the University of Toronto, said that the original German probably spoke a Mongol language. There are, to be sure, Mongol elements in other European nations besides Germany.

The claim of Aryan superiority has as little scientific support as that of racial purity.

The distinguished British authority, Professor H. J. Fleure, considers that the "statement that the original and more or less perfect type of man was blond and that other types were the results of combinations with sub-human races is pernicious nonsense talked under the name of science."

An equally distinguished American authority, Professor Ernest Hooton of Harvard University, says: "A pure race is little more than an anthropological abstraction; no pure race can be found in any civilized country. Most existing races are hybrids. The so-called Nordic race is probably a hybrid derivative of several strains present in Europe during the glacial period, to which have been added in historic times Alpine, Mongoloid and several other racial elements."

The claim of self-styled "Nordics" to racial purity and superiority Professor Hooton calls "a ridiculous boast."

Early this year, at the International Anthropological Congress held at Bucharest, Roumania, Professor Eugene Pittard of the University of Geneva, Switzerland, paid his compliments in similar terms to the idea of an "Aryan" race. "The conception of pure Aryans has," he said, "no scientific basis. Nothing but racial hatred can be produced by dividing the world's races into 'superior' and 'inferior' classes."

Professors Huxley and Haddon also tell about a test that was made some years ago at the University of Illinois. An attempt was made to classify the students according to racial types. Professor E. C. Hayes is quoted as saying: "Our student population at the University of Illinois is very thoroughly mixed in blood and is descended mainly from European populations, each of which is very mixed. Of those who could be so classified (according to race) an overwhelming majority were Nordics.

"Others were classed as Mediterraneans, Jews, Alpines, Chinese and some Negroes. According to the tests that were given, the Nordics turned out to be less intelligent than students of other groups. And those of mixed heredity proved more intelligent than any of the relatively pure types."

For a long time people have talked about a Jewish race as if such a thing really existed. It has been assumed that the Jews have descended from Bible times without much mixture with other groups.

No reputable scientist today believes that there is such a thing as a pure Jewish race. On the contrary, the Jews are now known to be one of the most mixed of living peoples.

"In each country the Jewish population overlaps with the non-Jewish in every physical character," according to Professors Huxley and Haddon. And they quote the results of the University of Illinois tests as one of their many proofs.

"Thirty per cent of them (the Jewish students) had grey, blue or greenish eyes; five had red hair."

"In head shape they ranged all the way from very broad heads to very narrow ones. They do not represent a racial type."

But not only are the Jews an extremely mixed people now; they were already mixed far back in Biblical times.

Every group in the so-called great races which we can classify today produces a minimum of genius, many of talent, a large mass of "average" folk and also, unfortunately, a supply of morons and idiots. As the veteran expert of Columbia University, Dr. Franz Boas, wrote recently:

"We may fairly say that if we were to select the best third of mankind, according to intellect and personality, every one of the large races would be represented in that group."

The mongrelization of domestic animals would be bad. Such animals are bred for one or more specific traits, some horses to race, others to draw heavy loads, cows to give more or richer milk and so on.

Unlike this, the mixing of human stocks is good.

Men and women are not bred for single tasks. The verdict alike of science and of history is that mixing human stocks stimulates intelligence.

And intelligence is the most important thing in man.

Professor Fleure, already quoted, has pointed out that much, if not all, of the strength of modern England is due to the fact that the English are not a pure race, but a mixture of many peoples. Indeed, the English are one of the most mixed ethnic groups on earth.

He also calls attention to Holland, inhabited by the mixed Dutch, who have welcomed persecuted immigrants from all the countries and peoples of Europe.

Yet Holland has one of the lowest illiteracy, murder and suicide rates and the highest moral standards of any nation in the world and is one of the strongest, most orderly and intelligent societies of the present time.

A story familiar to nearly everyone is that of the "Mutiny on the Bounty." A few months ago Dr. H. L. Shapiro, of the Ameri-

(Continued on Page 18)


"The Phoenician Traders"—One of the Earliest Historical Admixtures of Blood Which Make the English One of the Most Hybridized Nations on Earth

⑥ To What Race Does This Lady Belong?


⑦ And Where Would You Say She Was Born?

⑧ And What's Your Guess as to This One?


⑨ Do You Think She's German?

Now Turn to Page 18 for Correct Answers.

Knew Love Laughs at Locksmiths—So He Wooed the Jailer's Daughter

"But I Didn't Love Him," Sobbed Lula Belle When the Jailbird Didn't Go to Church After She Freed Him. But Kidnaped One Man, It Is Charged, and Killed Another.

"You are so sweet!" the Scheming Jailbird Told Lula Belle Kimel. But Now She Knows He Didn't Really Mean It.

Furtively, Lula Belle Went to Godwin's Cell and as She Unlocked It, Believing She Was Saving Him From the Execution Chamber, She Urged Him and His Pal to Go Out Into the World and Reform—for Her Sake. She Had No Suspicion That She Might Be Launching Both Prisoners on a New Exploit in Crime.

"GEE, but you are sweet."

Though whispered with a long, yearn-y sigh such as one hears in the movies, the words made Lula Belle Kimel, daughter of the jailer, laugh so heartily that the big keys jangling from her waist jingled. But the handsome young prisoner was not discouraged because he believed he understood women.

The lady turnkey of Davidson County's medieval jail at Lexington, North Carolina, knew some things too. That she was a strapping, big, strong, hearty, healthy girl, aged 22, 175 pounds of common sense and good nature but not quite in the beauty class. Even her own mother, the jailer's matron and cook, had told her that. Men and boys often greeted her:

Hello, sweetness.

But always they said it with a broad grin to prove that they were only fooling. Of course this whether through the bars of a cell door also be regarded as a joke and yet the 200-year-old Hatfield-McCoy feud would still be on.

As a matter of fact, handsome James Godwin was sad and serious, terribly serious because he was in a serious predicament, charged with first-degree burglary, which in that State might be, but probably would not be, punished by a death sentence. He was accused of robbing and almost beating to death his own grandfather, Dr. J. M. Godwin.

Had Lula Belle's parents, or anyone else who knew the young lady well, heard that a prisoner was working on her in hopes of flattering his way to freedom, they would have been amused. Of course the thing had been done, notably in the case of Mrs. Katherine Soffel, susceptible wife of the Warden of Allegheny Jail in Pittsburgh. Pa. Katherine had ushered in the year 1901 by chloroforming her husband, letting out the two Biddle brothers who were awaiting a murder trial, and eloping with one of them. History, especially foolish history, has a habit of repeating itself, but surely not with any such sensible and solid young person as Lula Belle.

Miss Kimel had been the handy man on her father's farm until Mr. Thomas C. Kimel was appointed commander of the jail. In the two years since then, she had been the small institution's turnkey in charge during her father's necessary absences while performing his duties as deputy sheriff. During this time she had proved herself obedient, reliable and competent, getting on nicely with Papa's dangerous guests, but never permitting any nonsense. It is considered more important for a jailer's daughter to be dutiful than beautiful.

Anyone could see from her sensible clothes, unpainted face and fingernails that she was not the frivolous, boy-crazy type and most anyone could have told the sad-eyed prisoner that as far as known she took almost no interest at all in the male sex. In fact Godwin's fellow prisoner and somewhat discouraged partner, Bill (Bad-Eye) Wilson, did tell him during one of the exercise periods:

"You're wacky to think you can cross that gal into springing us."

"You just watch," [illegible] Godwin. "I've got an idea which you wouldn't understand."

Jimmy was full of ideas and they usually worked, but just well enough to get them out of one hole and into a deeper one.

It wasn't long after her laugh had died out before Lula Belle thought it necessary to pass Godwin's cell again and once more he tried to flatter her. The reward was a laugh, louder and heartier than before. A moment later she had to return, and this time his remark brought a reply.

"Quit your kidding."

"I'm not kidding," crooned handsome Jimmy. "It's the truth and I don't care what you do to me for saying it."

Mr. Godwin was not taking much risk of violence because in all penal history there is no record of a lady turnkey beating up a prisoner for saying that to her, no matter how innocent she may have been of the accusation. On the next trip she merrily suggested:

"And you are going to tell me that in the movies I'd be terrific."

No, I answered the handsome one. I wouldn't be to you. You would not be appreciated because just now everyone thinks he wants the skinny, flatter type instead of the wholesome, comfortable type. Only, I said that type is truly worth anything to those who have eyes to see.

Young Mr. Godwin, during his high school days, had done a lot of mostly reading of romances, fiction and had a good memory. This line of conversation had not gone on more than 24 hours before even Bad-Eye thought he saw some signs of results. He received only a half portion of dessert, but did not feel so indignant about it on learning that this inexplicably seemed to be connected with a bottle portion enjoyed by his good-looking partner. Now the girl's innumerable trips past Godwin's cell indicated that she was nibbling at his preposterous bait.

Finally the girl made a sarcastic speech which convinced Bad-Eye Wilson that she had seen through the whole scheme from the beginning. She said:

"What a racket! You really seem to think that if you tell me often enough what a nice girl I am, I will let you and your grouchy partner escape. Honest, do I look that goofy?"

Wilson, in his innocence and ignorance of women, thought that was the last word, but Jimmy crooned right back in his saddest tones:

"No, of course not. Why would anyone like you talking to in such an idea? Of course, that is how only fool if fate had only permitted me to meet you in those proper calls, look and respect, things right from where I made that one mistake."

"What do you mean—one mistake?" demanded Lula Belle. "According to the record you began by almost murdering your grandfather, and then you started about the least, stealing, gas stations and most anyone else that came your way until you got caught and paired with us. Looks to me like a whole string of mistakes."

"True," sighed the doleful prisoner, "but all the others were caused by that first one. I wouldn't have had a hair of dear old Grandpappy's head."

"All right, why did you?"

"I wasn't conscious of the time."

"Drunk, I suppose. That's a swell excuse."

"No, I don't drink. Please, Lula Belle, and what a beautiful name that is, suggesting a wedding bell, don't accuse me of that, on top of all the other things. Do you know what perfect angel you are?"

"You mean marihuana cigarettes, so you take that stuff, do you?"

"Wait. Don't go away. I only took it once, that fatal once. You know they sell it to schoolboys and girls. Well, a friend gave me one to try. I put it in my pocket, mean-ing to throw it away, but that day, after I was feeling blue because I haven't any money and a good and really fine girl like you cared about me, I remembered it."

"I smoked it, and the next thing I knew I had $40 in my hands and there was Grandpappy lying at my feet. I must pay for it, so that gas will where I'll have to go to death, like a rat. But nobody loves me, nobody cares."

"Why, strike the jet, boy, I bring you?"

"My mother," she cried.

Poor Lula Belle confessed later that Jimmy had convinced her that he would be put to death all because of that one reefer.

Of course Jimmy's sweet partner Bill would have to get the same break.

Jimmy promised to go straight and become a good church going citizen and never see the inside of another jail if she would only let him out just this once.

So she opened the steel cage and away flew the jailbirds, but not to behave and roost in church as she expected and they had promised. When her father returned and found his two boarders missing, there was nothing for Lula Belle to do but confess.

Mr. Kimel looked at his daughter as if she had stabbed him, sounded the alarm, resigned his position, and joined in the pursuit, after locking the girl in what had been Jimmy's cell. The news she received there grew worse and worse. On their way out the youths had helped themselves to the deputy sheriff's gun and some adhesive tape. Their first act, according to charges, was to accost a taxi driver with the [illegible] gun. While saying [illegible] charged that after taking Will [illegible] to Jimmy's home town of High Point, they left him in the woods bound with tape, after debating whether or not to hang him off. Next they are accused of telling David Moss a sad story to gain from his car. For being his guest in gratitude of his kindness, the press say David got two bullets through the chest and died.

The following day Wilson, encouraged with Jimmy's alleged inclination to murder, gave himself up to the police of Hickory, N. C., and told them where to find Godwin. Trying to escape from a small tobacco barn, Jimmy fell and suffered a couple of superficial wounds in his face and now is at High Point jail facing the charge of murdering Moss.

Such are alleged to be the immediate results of Lula Belle's humanitarian act, but the most humiliating blow came later. She wrote the letters she asked about. Also she heard that this artful Lothario had met and wooed his wife in another jail, where he was staying due to a mistake made before the present series. A soul-hearted, home-loving judge gave Lula Belle, the now penitent and disillusioned Angel of Mercy, 60 days but released her on $200 bail pending her appeal to a higher court. Father, mother and daughter are now all back on the old farm, sadly thinking it over.

The Biddle Boys, whose case was so similar to the Carolina episode, initiated a series of small burglaries by killing one of their victims, an old grocer. Though not related, they bore the high society name of Biddle and one of them, Eit, had the healthy gift of flattery. This combination was enough to infatuate the plain faced wife of Warden Soffel. She provided the boys with hack saws and guns with which they sawed and shot their way out, while the Warden slept, drugged with chloroform.

Mrs. Soffel made them take her along, which doomed any chance they may have had to escape. Two days later a posse riddled the boys with bullets and on top of that they shot themselves but they survived long enough to die in a hospital. Poor foolish Katherine Soffel, with a bullet through her chest, lived to be divorced, serve two years in the penitentiary and die soon after her discharge.

James Godwin, Who Was a Better and Smoother Lothario Than He Was a Bandit—He Now Faces a Murder Charge and Won't Get a Chance to Spoof Any More Jailers.

Davidson County Jail from Which the Jailer's Daughter Released Her Unreliable Prisoners.

BARGAINS IN PEP

ON SALE NOW

LESS THAN ½¢ A CUP

FOR THE WORLD'S THRIFTIEST BEVERAGE

DELICIOUS-VITALIZING

TEA

Delicious, vitalizing tea (always ask for the rich-flavored BLACK kind) costs so little per cup that only water is cheaper. Your family can afford to drink quality tea with every meal, and often in-between-times!

WHEN you're shopping tomorrow at your grocer's remember—TEA PEPS YOU UP! Your grocer is featuring tea. Why? Because tea is selling big. Millions of families have TURNED TO TEA—to help boost pep—to cheer their spirits—to help them relax at night—to get a deliciously tasty drink at less than ½¢ a cup!

Don't let housework get you down. Tea gives you more pep for household chores, and social affairs too. And think of your husband. He needs pep to hold his job, to get ahead. See what a difference tea with meals makes in the way he feels, works, plays? Serve vitalizing tea. And make sure to get BLACK tea—in any one of the many fine brands your grocer carries.

YOUR GROCER IS FEATURING THIS SPECIAL DISPLAY

IT'S AS EASY AS A-B-C TO GET A REALLY GOOD CUP OF TEA

A. Always use bubbling boiling water and pour it on the TEA.

B. Use 1 teaspoonful per cup, plus one for the pot.

C. Steep to any strength you prefer. (Most people who use cream or milk choose a 5-minute brew.)

THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE. FOR ECONOMY AND FULL ENJOYMENT, BUY QUALITY TEA.

TEA PEPS YOU UP!

Senseless Fears

Science Lists the "Phobias" Which Torment People--- Perhaps the Reader Will Recognize a Few of His Own Among Them

The Mania of Persecution Is Quite a Common Pet Notion—the Artist Touchet Has Symbolized It in the Above Painting

Some People Are Always Whispering and Looking About Suspiciously in the Fear That What They Are Saying Is Being Overheard.

DON'T berate your wife if she shirks her housekeeping duties. She may be a victim of [illegible]phobia.

[illegible] may find themselves in a similar state, not because they're [illegible] purposely, but because they have [illegible].

[illegible] is not [illegible] as it sounds. It probably [illegible] the symptom of a [illegible] description [illegible] of Ergophobia. Many men find themselves on the [illegible] because of it.

[illegible] is apt to be the [illegible] fear of the [illegible].

Most everybody possesses one or more "phobias," according to Dr. W. F. Gidley, dean of the College of Pharmacy, University of Texas. Dr. Gidley, [illegible] of his interest in the cause and effect of mental quirks, has collected interesting information concerning more than 200 authentic "phobias." A "phobia" is defined as any persistent exaggeration of senseless dread or fear of something or somebody.

Phobias are of course purely mental and can be usually traced to some experience in early childhood, says Dr. Gidley, adding that "just as man often [illegible] through the analysis and treatment of psychiatrists. The [illegible] the [illegible] during the [illegible]. Those who can't recognize their [illegible] that are [illegible] around the [illegible] sanity."

The [illegible] mentioned at the beginning of this article [illegible] men and women [illegible] are [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] or [illegible] a fear of [illegible] work, and [illegible]phobia, [illegible] aversion to work, and sometimes [illegible] [illegible] surgically.

Gatophobia, [illegible] fear of cats, and Ailurophobia, or Aelurophobia, an insane fear of cats, is frequently found [illegible]. The victims [illegible] fear [illegible] poisonous reptile any more than they do the ordinary house cat.

Every office and factory boasts at least one victim of Aerophobia, an unreasoning dread of drafts of air.

The automobile age has increased the spread of Basiphobia, or Basophobia, which is the fear of walking. Grouped with this is Cathisophobia, or Kathisophobia, the fear of sitting down. Others in this category are Stasibasiphobia, or Stasobasiphobia, insane distrust of one's ability to stand or to walk; and Stasiphobia, a foolish dread of standing erect.

There are several phobias which denote an insane dread of pain. Among them are Algophobia and Odynophobia. Ponophobia denotes both an abnormal dread of pain and chronic laziness.

The diet craze, particularly among women, has contributed many known "phobias." Persons who adhere fanatically to meat diets or vegetarian foods are also explained. Some of these are Carnophobia, abnormal aversion to meat diet; Cibophobia, unnatural loathing of food; Ichthyophobia, senseless aversion to fish; Proteinophobia, an aversion to protein foods, and Sitiophobia, or Sitophobia, an insane fear of eating.

Lack of proper knowledge pertaining to sex, marriage hygiene, and the social diseases has contributed its share of "phobias." Hence we have patients suffering from Coitophobia, or Cypridophobia, morbid dread of marital relations; Gymnophobia, dread of the sight of the naked body, and Venereophobia, overwhelming dread of venereal infection.

Day and night, the sun, moon and the stars, and the elements too, provide a basis for many other "phobias." Among these are the following:

Anemophobia, fear of wind or of drafts; Astraphobia, or Astrapophobia, exaggerated fear of lightning; Astrophobia, fear of the stars and celestial space; Brontophobia, or Tonitrophobia, fear of thunder; Ceraunophobia, or Keraunophobia, abnormal dread of lightning; Heliophobia, strict avoidance or dread of sunlight; Noctiphobia, unreasonable dread of night and its darkness and silence; Nyctophobia, or Scotophobia, childish dread of darkness; Ombrophobia, fear of rain; Phengophobia, or Photophobia, intolerance or dread of light; Photaugiaphobia, abnormal intolerance of a glare of light, and Pneumatophobia, insane dread of air.

Fear of animals and insects has resulted in a number of most unpleasant phobias. One of these fears causes the victim to believe that bugs are continually running over his body and he scratches constantly.

Among this group of fears are Acarophobia, exaggerated fear of mites; Amychophobia, great fear of being scratched by an animal, as by claws of cats; Apiphobia, fear of bees and their sting; Batrachophobia, dread of frogs; Doraphobia, dread of the skin or fur of animals; Galeophobia, insane fear of sharks; Helminthophobia, fear of being infested with worms; Hippophobia, uneasiness around horses; Kynophobia, excessive fear of dogs or of hydrophobia; Melissophobia, an insane dread of bees and wasps; Odontophobia, a nervous condition in which the sight of an animal's tooth produces fear; Ophidiophobia, a predominant dread of snakes and one of the most common of all "phobias"; Parasitophobia, insane dread of parasites or fantastic imagination that one is infested with parasites; Pediculophobia, or Phthiriophobia, intense dread of infestation with lice, and Zoophobia, the insane dread of animals.

Pedophobia, dread of infants or of dolls, is found among both men and women, but particularly among men. This "phobia" can be traced in many instances to a playtime period when a little boy broke his sister's doll or, in another case, to an accidental dropping to the floor of the small infant of the family. Fear or dread of children is often diagnosed as Pedophobia, Paediophobia, or Pediophobia.

Teratophobia, baseless fear or aversion to monsters or a frightening expectation of giving birth to a teratism, is a phobia common to many women, as is Tocophobia, abnormal dread of childbirth.

Everybody knows someone who suffers from Necrophobia, disquieting fear of death, or dread of dead bodies. Perhaps one of the greatest of all fears is the anticipation of being buried alive. This phobia is described as Taphephobia, Taphiphobia, or Taphophobia.

Heights and depths give the jitters to lots of people. Fears from these causes are known as Acrophobia, sickening dread of being at a great height, or of being up in the air; Bathophobia, unconquerable fright of depths; Batophobia, or Hypsophobia, terror of high objects, and Cremnophobia, insane dread of precipices.

Then there is Automysophobia, oversensitive dread of personal uncleanness; Bromidrosiphobia, dread of bodily odors, with delusions as to their perception, and [illegible]phobia, absurd fear of being humiliated because of your clothes.

Mothers who punish their children by placing them in dark closets or by leaving them alone are to blame for many fears, teaching the phobia stage. Too much attention to a child's timidity causes fear in the phobia stage in some instances. Accidents or personal injuries cause others. Whipping children with a stick or a whip may cause the child in later years to have a great horror of sticks or unwarranted fear of a beating.

"Phobias" of this kind include Agoraphobia, a feeling of fear at the thought of being alone in a large open space; Amaxophobia, insane dread of being in a carriage; Aphephobia, intense dislike of being touched, frequently noticed in small children at night; Anthropophobia, definite dread of human society; Autophobia, or Autophoby, and Eremophobia, insane dread of solitude; Cenephobia, or Kenophobia, dread of large open spaces, also fear of an open tomb; Claustrophobia, nerve-racking dread of being shut up in a confined space; Ochlophobia, insane fear of crowds; Rhabdophobia, frantic dread of a stick or of a beating.

Cleisiophobia, Cleithrophobia, and Clithrophobia are all described as fears of being shut up alone in a confined space. Haphephobia is a phobia that expresses a dread at being touched. Isolophobia and Monophobia express an abnormal dread of being alone.

Politics in its many fields and personages offers a very definite phobia known as Politicophobia, a strong dislike of unscrupulously politic persons.

Dextrophobia is probably one of the oldest of fears. It denotes a dread of objects on the right side of the body. Levophobia is a dread of objects on the left side of the body.

Epistolophobia, a dread of receiving a letter or a telegram, has an emotional interest.

Many housewives know Ataxiophobia, oversensitiveness to disorder. Likewise in this category are Molysmophobia and Mysophobia, insane dread of filth or contamination. Rhypophobia and Rupophobia define another morbid dread of filth.

Red sometimes makes people see "red." There are many sufferers of Ereuthrophobia, or Erythrophobia, a neurotic manifestation marked by blushing on the slightest provocation, or a deep aversion to red.

Fear of stuttering produces a great dread for speaking. This condition is known as Glossophobia, or Lalophobia. Then there is Phonophobia, a morbid dread of speaking aloud.

Kainophobia, or Neophobia, fear of new things, and Hypnophobia, dread of sleep, are of special interest to students of human emotions.

Material things produce a dread in some persons. It is known as Hylephobia. A vague and persistent disturbing dread of some unknown evil, general fear, fear with no particular object, is called Panophobia, Panphobia, Pamphobia and Pantophobia. Along with this group is the nonsensical fear of hearing a certain name or word. This is known as Onomatophobia.

An insane dread of madness, or of "going mad," is a common phobia. It is known as Lyssophobia. Then there is Pantaphobia, an absence of fear, and Paralipophobia, great anxiety of the likelihood of neglecting something.

Paraphobia is the scientific name for a mild phobia. Phobophobia is known as a condition in psychasthenia marked by fear of one's own fears. A fear of many things produces a phobia described as Panophobia.

Some persons have experienced moments of great fear because of Pnigophobia, an abnormal dread of choking. Early childhood happenings have been the direct cause for Psychrophobia, insane dread of cold, and Pyrophobia, an insane dread of fire.

An aversion to symmetry, as sometimes imputed to Japanese design, causes Symmetrophobia. Much of interest can be learned from patients who have Siderodromophobia, or Siderophobia, a needless dread of railroad travel. Psychology appeal can be found in the cause and effect of Scopophobia, or Scoptophobia, an absurd dread of being seen.

A dread of strangers, Xenophobia, is known to many, as is Topophobia, a dread of particular places. Another well known fear is Thermophobia, an irrational dread of heat.

Philosophy, books, the theatre and many other means of culture furnish a basis for other "phobias." Some of these are Bibliophoby, or Bibliophobia, insane fear of books; Musicophobia, intense dislike for music; Philosophobia, insane dread of philosophy or philosophers, and Theatrophobia, an unmistakable dislike for the theatre.

Closely associated with this group are Chromatophobia, aversion to certain colors, and Colorophobia, unsound fear of color, and there can't be many persons who suffer from Oinophobia, a fear of wine or vinous liquors.

There are a great many inanimate objects of which persons are afraid. Aichmophobia is known as an insane fear of sharp-pointed objects. Others include Anthrophobia, an unreasonable dislike or dread of flowers; Ballistophobia, a harassing fear of missiles; Belonephobia, insane dread of needles and pins; Catoptrophobia, fanciful dread of mirrors; Crystallophobia, or Hyalophobia, insane dread of glass objects; Domatophobia, foolish dread of being in a house; Eicophobia, abnormal fear of a house; Iophobia, dislike of violets, or it may be a fear of arrows; Leucophobia, persistent fear of white objects; Megalophobia, awesome fear of large objects; Metallophobia, insane fear of metal and metal objects, and Papyrophobia, insane dread of paper.

Water and relative objects create a number of fears. Some of the better known are Gephyrophobia, fear of walking on a bridge, river bank, or other structure near the water; Hygrophobia, insane dread of becoming wet or dread of water; Potamophobia, a dread of rivers, streams and lakes, and Thalassophobia, alarming dread or fear of the sea.

The sight of blood or any reference to it provides other fears, such as Hematophobia, nauseating dread of the sight of blood; Hemaphobia, dread of the sight of blood and precautions against [illegible], and [illegible]phobia, fear of blood, either dread at the sight of blood, or dread of bleeding.

Worry over excess hair and an innate horror of hair are the cause for another group of fears. These are Hypertrichophobia, excessive hairiness; Trichopathophobia, anxiety with regard to the hair, its growth, disease, etc., and Trichophobia, dread of hair.

Fear of disease, medicine, drugs, malformations, cuts and physical injuries form the largest group of "phobias"; in fact, there are almost 40 of them.

Dr. Gidley believes that the real hope of cure for any phobia is through psychology. He believes that as the American people become more psychology-conscious, human fears will decrease.

"Young mothers will in time understand child-psychology so well that many of the mental quirks now found in adults as a direct cause of early childhood training will be avoided," says Dr. Gidley.

Dean Gidley was one of two men from the Southwest chosen as members of a committee of fifty outstanding pharmacists, physicians, etc., by the United States Pharmacopoeial Convention at Washington to make the 1936 revision of the "Pharmacopoeia of the United States," the official legal public drug standard of the nation.

Unwarranted Fear of Being Out at Night Torments the Imagination With a Notion That the Whole Countryside Is Full of Menacing Creatures.

Afraid of Losing His Job and Being Put Out of His Boarding House, the Man With This Phobia May Imagine Himself Moving Into the Dog Kennel.

Reasonable Precautions Against Germs in Food and on Dirty Dishes is Fully Warranted, but Some Persons Go Too Far and Have Germ-Phobia.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

A MILLION for MARTY

By Steuart M. Emery

From millionaire to truck driver simple. Marty has lost his Cin glamorous Alison Sloane as a life
Furthermore Alison confesses him lose all that mountain of
But what's a million compared could make a list of her many of them would rate a million and
What's money? It can vanish
But happiness, which can't br lifetime for any man if he has o

"You see, I've kept my word," said Alison to Magistrate Sheridan, "and brought my prisoner with me."
"Your prisoner?" Queried His Honor.
"Well, my husband," Smiled Alison as Marty Stood Tensely Visioning That Ninety Day Stay in the Workhouse.
The Magistrate's Eyes Twinkled. "You're a very fortunate young man," He Said to Marty, "I suspend sentence."

IT WAS dawn and the tranquil streets of Truxton were still slumbering as Marty steered the big car along the few blocks. A sensation of extreme relief swept over him. He felt like a badly-battered ship that was at last pulling into safe harbor. He saw the white house in its plot of well tended green, the blooming mass of foothills and the fence of their palings that lined both sides of the gravel drive. There too, beside the drive on the fence, was the little sign: "Elmer Harlow, Justice of the Peace."

"Alison," he said, and tuned to smile at her as the car swung into the drive. "I've won out after all. Here we are, okay at the J. P's. And inside of half an hour at most that Lawyer Arthur Two-Pains Morrison back at the Shakespeare Society can start drawing up the papers that give you $500,000."

There was a look in her eyes that he had not seen before. It was inspirited, reckless, happy.

"Marty" she breathed. "Kiss me, Marty! Right now, before we're married!"

"I'll say I will!"

His lips were on hers, and one arm about her firm, small shoulders. A hand, a small white hand, slipped onto the steering wheel and a foot pressed on his. Their lips clung in a blinding flash, there was a wrench, a swift pressure on his foot that drove the accelerator downward and the big car swerved drunkenly from the drive, crashed through the frail palings and the rosebushes and came to a stop in the middle of the lawn.

"Alison! What the—"

"Marty darling, how you can kiss!"

"Hey, you! Hey, you! What do you think you're doing anyway?" A small furious gentleman with white hair, clad in coat and trousers and with his tie still untied, had bounced out of the front door of the house at the crash. He raised his fist and shook it at Marty, his face purple. "Smash my fence! Ruin my rosebushes! Look at that lawn! You're under arrest, you are! I'll try you for destroying property, I will! I'm Justice of the Peace, I am!"

Everything seemed to go whirling around Marty as he opened the car door and stepped shakily out—house, lawn, rose-bushes, the angry justice, blended into a circling mist that suddenly cleared.

"You're the two who want to get married, are you? Well, young man, I'm finding you $27 damage for my fence and rose-bushes right here and now. I declare this porch a court of law! Pay your fine or no marriage inside the house."

Alison," said Marty wearily, "finish the million! The last rebate to Cousin Imogene! $640,000."

He turned and looked at her, standing beside him. Her hat was gone, there was a bruise on her forehead, the flawless honey-hued permanent was in utter, ghastly disorder. Her hair hung down against her cheeks and she looked dazed.

"M-Marty!" she got out. "I'm all in a d-dither! I'm twittering! I've b-bitten my tongue and I k-know I l-look awful! Hurry up, M-Marty darling, m-marry me quick! M-maybe I'm not w-worth a million dollars."

"Come along, of course you are," said Marty swiftly and firmly and put his arm around her. A derisive hooting sounded behind him in the drive where a shabby roadster was just pulling up. Bill Vicks, the bistro beagle, stuck his head out and grinned.

"Well, well, well, Marty old pal, the last act?"

"Vicks, how did you get here!" exploded Marty.

"Sammy Glowitz came back to the Zebra and yelled the news you two were off for Truxton. I got it right away and turned out the old bus. Ambled along behind you and picked you up about twenty miles out of this place. So here's the end of Auntie's million, eh?"

"It is," said Marty from the porch. He peeled off several bills and handed them to the Justice who looked more mollified and finished tying his tie. "Come inside with us, Vicks. Remember what I told you once? You can be best man."

"Sure, I'll be the best man, Marty old pal," said Vicks brightly. "Congratulations to both of you. Whom The Bulletin hath joined together let—"

"After that I'm going to take you out back of the house. When the bridegroom beats hell out of the best man right after the ceremony, that's news!"

XXX

Rufus Sutherland stood in the bay window of the hotel suite clad in a glaring suit of green and red striped pajamas. Warm Maryland sunshine surrounded him and he appeared to revel in it. Upon his face reposed an expression of complete self satisfaction, but his face was the only part of him that was staying quiet. The rest was in violent action. Rufus Sutherland was taking his morning exercises. His arms extended and closed, displaying muscular bulges, his stocky torso moved up and down as he sank on bent legs and sprang erect again. Then he stopped, breath ing quickly, and pounded his chest with his shut fist. After that a sudden slapping sound was heard. That and a low booming (that, mostly composed of the remark, "Oh, boy!"

"Rufus!"

Cousin Imogene entered the sitting room from the bedroom, fresh-looking and charming in a dark kimono.

"Hello, Brownie, my own. I've ordered a real Maryland breakfast."

The slapping sound rose again.

"Flex your muscles all you want, Rufus. But done put your stomach in that appalling manner." And stop that yelling.

"I'm just feeling good, Brownie, my own. How's the bride?"

"I'm feeling grand, dear."

He came smilingly across the room and took her in his arms. For a long minute their lips met and there was happiness in Cousin Imogene's eyes.

"Aha!" said Rufus triumphantly. "Some snatch, atties! I am, hey?"

"Yes," said Cousin Imogene, "you are, you scoundrel."

"And whom are you calling a scoundrel, my own?" demanded Rufus. He strolled over to the mirror that hung next to a Colonial secretary and began to twist the points of his spiked moustache into twin needles. "I did right by Little Nell, didn't I? I married you after I'd kept you out after midnight on a buggy ride that had wings on it."

"Oh, I guess you're not such a scoundrel, after all, George."

"Huh!" exploded Rufus, whirling around and grinning.

"Come out from behind that very distinguished-looking moustache, George Barrington Merwin. Also give those pajamas to the hotel porter when we leave. They're terrible."

"Jinny, darling, when did you first recognize me? I've changed a lot, you know. So have you, you raving little beauty."

"Well, I didn't know you at first. I couldn't have. You've tilled out tremendously, you've kept all your hair, your voice has changed and so has your nose. I'd say you have vastly improved. Cigarette, dear, please."

Rufus drew a gold case from the dressing gown he had slipped on and Cousin Imogene selected a cigarette, accepted a light and went over and sat down on the lounge, smiling contentedly. She patted the cushion at her side and Rufus came over instantly and settled himself.

"Open air, the war and plenty of eating made me fill out. Hoarsed my voice up rooting a run home in the World Series of 1916. My nose is broader and better since I smashed it in a truck jam at the Front and had it reset. The hair took care of itself after the first Ziegfeld Follies. It stood up and waved. And you, you sure came out of that Washington Square cocoon of yours all a-roarin'."

"Didn't I? And am I glad I did!"

"I wasn't sure whether you knew me or not, Jinny. And I didn't care. You say—"

"It was somewhere around Cape May I began to suspect you. And when we reached Washington and went down to see the moonlight on the Potomac and went right over the old Fenton place on the Virginia side where we got engaged on the houseparty in 1909—remember?—then, George dear, I knew. It was no snatch you took me on, it was just a voyage into a land of memories. After that, I was not only willing but anxious."

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Rufus. "That was right after I gave you an Armonk Express!"

Cousin Imogene blew out a puff of smoke and shuddered in recollection.

"Was that terrible thing you gave me the Armonk Express that made you famous? I took one sip of it and dumped it in the Potomac. It ever washes up on the Virginia shore, Virginia will secede again."

"We shall mention it," remarked Rufus, looking sorrowfully at his cigarette.

"So now I'm with Mrs. George Barrington Merwin. Or else I'm Mrs. George Barrington Merwin for the second time. Or else I'm Mrs. Rufus Sutherland. Which am I, George, or rather, Rufus?"

Rufus ground his cigarette out, regarding Cousin Imogene's golden brown beauty.

"Does it make any difference? You (hatty actual) persons, not names. If there's any difficulty about it we'll leave it to any lawyer you want."

"Counselor Chatham would just love to handle this one," murmured Cousin Imogene. "He'd manage to keep busy at it all summer."

"I'm pretty healthy for a legal corpse, don't you think?" boomed Rufus. "Anyhow I've married you twice, so it ought to stay stuck. I'll do it again for the third time on our golden wedding anniversary. They generally do that, don't they, under a floral arch or something? That is, if you can get a Treasury permit for a golden wedding."

"I believe so. But now George dear, when you left the house that New Year's Eve in 1912—"

"I went up to George Rector's on Broadway and met Ruby Sloane. Racer, Wall Street, Oklahoma oil, the war, foreign exchange and then—"

A rap, soft and discreet, sounded on the door of the sitting room. It sounded again.

"Who is it?" called Rufus.

"Breakfuss foh Suite Eleben, suh."

"Wait a minute!" Rufus turned to the delightfully youthful seeming, tanned lady he had just married. She was turning around on her wedding finger a beautiful, square-cut emerald. "Jinny, my own, we'll have plenty of long winter evenings to talk things over in. We were only a couple of kids the first time. We knew nothing."

"I know, George dearest. I was brought up by my aunts, the Misses Van Bruyn. They turned me out oh, so proper, and also oh, so stuffy and domineering just like them. If the Van Bruyn ancestors could see me now they'd turn over in their graves."

Again came the knock, and an ingratiating voice.

"Or'nge juice an' golden-brown toast, suh. Waffles an' honey. All nice'n hot!"

"Wait a minute!" yelled Rufus. "Jinny, my sweet, the particular Van Bruyn ancestors you take after by now are sitting up somewhere on a cloud drinking schnapps and playing skat and keeping score on Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg. I probably seemed pretty terrible to you because I was too full of the old vine and I didn't give a whoop in hell for conventions."

"The knocking recommenced, a trifle less discreetly. Also the voice.

"Cawfee, suh. Beautiful pot—full o' de bess cawfee!"

"I was terrible to you, George dear. I just didn't know anything then."

"All right, litty-litty. We both were wrong. Now we're both right. Anyhow, Jinny, I want you to know just one thing—"

Cousin Imogene's eyes were very soft and tender and Rufus's powerful face had somehow shed the years of strain and carefully masked loneliness. He looked young and gay.

"That's this. I never gave a damn about any woman but you. I've always been crazy about you. I've kept a watch on you always, hoping something would break you out. I couldn't."

"Something did, George. I never knew what I had and missed."

"Neither did I."

"Till I washed you out legally. Then I had to do something. I wanted life, all of a sudden. I couldn't sit in that old house waiting for you to come back any longer."

"Jinny!"

She said nothing more. She couldn't say anything because she was being held so closely by Rufus and her voice was stilled.

Once again, this time almost in despair, the hidden tones came into a room that was filled with sunshine and hope fulfilled.

"Also on dis tray, Ma'land fried chicken, suh, the bess below the Mason-Dixon line. My Eliza in de kitchun will rush take a cleavuh to mah haid ef ah serve a bridul couple a cole breakfuss."

"Uncle Tom!" thundered Rufus. "Wheel it in!"

XXXI

Marty came out of the bathroom bathed, shaved and in a whistling mood. He leaned over Alison who still slept peacefully and put a forefinger lightly on the tip of her small, well-shaped nose. Then he pressed a little.

"Ow!" she said, and sat up, blinking. "You [illegible] Marty, [illegible] Good [illegible] "Happy [illegible] grinned Marty.

"Give me a cigarette, I said. [illegible]

"All right, Rudolph." Anything to please young Mrs. Computer.

She [illegible] some dreamy [illegible] aircraft smoke, dropped up among the pillows.

"That's right, Marty darling. Now and remind me, we did get married last night."

"Sure we did. But just before we got married I went broke with a bang. That's something else to remember."

"I know darling, it's cost you a million dollars to marry me. Go run my bath—will you?—and then go run into the sitting room of Bridal Suite Twelve and think it all over. Figure out where it all went. If you don't find the answer your Bubbles will tell it to her big strong Toots, sweetie pie, the dumb bell."

"Shut up, Alison!" he smiled and sauntered into the next room. He began to stroll up and down the floor, thinking back. It seemed incredibly long ago that Cousin Imogene Van Bruyn in her shadowy Washington Square mansion had handed him a million dollars cash. He drew from his wallet a crumpled credit slip of the Knickerbocker National Bank and stared at the row of six zeros, preceded by the figure one.

"He was a good guy while he had it," he mused. "Now he hasn't got it any more."

Smiling wryly, he tore the slip across and dropped it in the scrap basket near the writing desk. Then he sat down, found paper and pencil and began to write. It was all over in a few minutes and he was scanning the completed account.

Thinking of Alison, fire plug	$10,000
Calling A., radio	$20,000
Lighting cig. for A., subway	$40,000
Shopping with A., V's trespass	$80,000
Smashing B's camera for A.	$160,000
Looking for A., Peeping Tom	$320,000
Driving for A., Truxton	$640,000
	$1,270,000

"To say nothing of her quaintly luring me into that radio patrol. Alison!" He raised his voice in a shout. He could hear the sound of her splashing and her voice came to him, muffled.

"What is it, darling?"

"You're a little busy?"

"Sure I am, darling. Out in a minute."

But it was a full ten minutes before, delightful and radiant, she tripped into the

(Continued on Next Page)

and glad of it! Why? The answer's dorella fortune but he's was partner.
to him just how and why she made dollars that promised so much.
with a wife like Alison? Marty admirable qualities and every one more too.
in the twinkling of an eye.
bought with gold, can last a helpmate like Alison.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

sitting room and into Marty's arms. There was a small silence of complete satisfaction and then he released her.

"Alison, I see it all now. Right straight along you've done your best to ruin me. You knew that man in the subway was a dick, didn't you?"

"Certainly did."

"And when we were in Vandergarten's you could have called for one of the family at any time."

"Yes, indeed. And I pretty well knew you'd smash Billabyn's camera for him and also I was the one who put in that phony Bulletin call to Dora Hamilton."

Marty surveyed the girl he had married in complete puzzlement. She appeared to relish the scrutiny and to be quite proud of herself.

"And I grabbed the wheel and shoved your foot down on the accelerator when you were kissing me just before we were married, darling. Pfut! went the last of the million! And I've not only kicked a sopping wet bath towel into the corner, I've left the soap in the tub."

"Alison," he said slowly, "do you realize that I'm broke and you're broke and Cousin Imogene is broke and the only person who wins in this decrepit, brown-derbied wrath, Cousin George? He gets two million bucks cash. What did you do it for, anyhow?"

"You just said it, Marty, darling." Her smile was gay, mischievous.

"And what?"

"Cousin George Barrington Merwin, the walking legal ghost, gets all of your million. But I didn't think that Brownie would give him both the millions. I hadn't counted on the Van Bruyn conscience to that extent. So I just went out to get your million for Cousin George, whose milk business was in a bad way. Then I thought that after I'd busted you and married you—"

"Alison!"

"Oh, I'd meant to marry you all along, but I didn't tell you so. You see, Marty darling, I love you. So you're starting in the milk business and in the course of time you'll inherit it. No, I'm George's ward, and he might leave it to me, in which case I'll make you president, provided you show promise. You'll inherit whatever Brownie owns, certainly."

"Milk business!" exploded Marty. "George's ward! Alison, you've gotten yourself into a device!"

"Darling, darling, I never device! That is almost never. Come across the hall and meet your Cousin George and his wife." I turned over the page of the register while the clerk was opening the display case for your cigarettes and there they were, in the leading local hostelry, just like us. Sure, Fever."

"Where is Sure Fever?" It was a toss-up—Mexico, Rufus and Brownie darling, Connecticut.

XXXII

"Alison," said Rufus Sutherland, "you're a little witch."

"Little bussy. I prefer. Rufus, darling. After all, I've gotten you a wife and I'd'd didn't I?"

Two contemplated Cousin Imogene. They were sitting around a table expended in the care of all of them and a huge Mexican and the Sunday breakfast was over. There was millions for your business, George, said Rufus, dear. It was a [illegible]

"Don't need a dime," [illegible] Rufus. I pulled clean out of the jam at ten-fifteen o'clock yesterday morning when an old pal of mine got me on the long distance from Chicago. I saved his hide, margining him in the panic of '29, and flew out to see him a while back. He was loaded to his neck with Lake Shore real estate and just broke out of it with a tremendous sale at his own price. He's taking my personal note for $1,000,000 and it'll be in the bank Monday morning. I'll take just one million bucks from you, Jinny my own, and bounce his check back to him."

He selected a drumstick and began to go to work on it as an after breakfast snack.

"Poor Marty," he announced. "Alison's ruined him. He'll have to find a job if he doesn't go to the workhouse."

"He drove a truck for Greenfield Products, Rufus darling, in the blizzard of '34."

"What!" roared Rufus. "I'm president of Greenfield but not very many people outside the milk business know it."

"G. R. Sutherland, the milkman and Rufus Sutherland, the playboy and late Wall Street wizard are two persons I keep entirely apart. Back on the truck for you, Marty my boy, for six weeks. Then you move inside and learn the ropes of it, selling and management. Forty dollars a week. Deal?"

"Deal," said Marty. A sense of jubilation swept him. "You're the kind of a guy I like to work for."

"I serve five or no deal," said Alison firmly.

"Huh?" inquired Rufus through the drumstick.

"I'm getting forty when I go to Vandergarten's in September. I promised Jan Van der garten I'd do it last time I saw him. Marty ought to get more than I do so we won't have financial fights the first year. That's the hardest, isn't it?"

"Fifth and fiftieth are—er—forty-five it is," said Rufus.

From her bag Alison drew a small platinum and diamond watch and fastened it on her wrist.

"It's getting toward noon, Marty darling. We might think of moving back to New York."

"Oho!" said Rufus. "glad to see your watch was returned to you."

"I never lost it, Rufus darling. You never saw that ad I forged in The Record in the name of George the Ghost, did you? I had to think up some reason fast, for getting over to the paper to draw Brownie into the open. Remember, you were within a few days of going broke. The man in the brown derby was a slight fabrication."

"Alison," demanded Marty, his brain reeling, "what would happen if somebody put a lie detector on you?"

Her smile was completely dazzling.

"I'd shake it to pieces, Marty darling." He stared at her with complete approval. "They were not going to be very many dull moments in life with Alison."

"After all, it was in a good cause. I do love a nice, wholesome intrigue; every girl does. You see, I was the only person who had all the answers at one time. I got Rufus all broken down one night when I was a little blonde entertainer and then I made the wrong remark and had to break him down all over again. He told me everything about his real name and his marriage, showed me all the papers, public notices and copies of the phony legacies. It must have cost you plenty, Rufus darling, to keep track of Brownie."

"It did," said Rufus. "But it was worth it, Marty. I'd never even heard of you as a relative. And the papers had Jinny's name all wrong. I don't poke into people's pasts, mine being what it is."

"I see," said Marty. Out of what at first had appeared to be a hopeless log some fairly clear light at last was coming. He didn't doubt that throughout the whole business the girl Alison had been having quite a time for herself. She looked remarkably at ease and unashamed.

"What I had to do," said Alison, "was to make Marty lose his million back to Brownie and then notify Brownie that the ghost George was still around and that the legacies were gifts from him. She'd already announced she would send back to him every dollar he gave her. I hadn't quite figured out how to get the information to her when all of a sudden she showed up and Rufus fell, fell, fell fell—"

"And fell for her," finished Rufus. "I haven't the vaguest idea if we had to get married again. Possibly I'm a bigamist and if I am, how I do enjoy it!"

"So that's the third marriage I've promoted."

"The third?" inquired Marty. "Where do you get three out of it?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Deering, Marty darling. If they aren't married they certainly are engaged."

"How come? Alison, you're—"

"No, I'm not! I don't know what you're trying to say, darling, but I'm not! You haven't seen Harvey wearing his seal ring for a couple of weeks have you? And there's a mark on Beulah Lou's wedding finger where it's too small for her. She wears it at night. She's old Mississippi, maybe she's waiting for her father to make the announcement."

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Rufus. "Why didn't you fix Ching and Chang up while you were about it?"

"I have. They won $2,000."

"Alison!" burst out Marty. It was about all he could say.

"They were running a sweepstakes on when Marty and I would get married. I heard them talking about it long ago. They've got every Long Island and Park Avenue Chinese house. They know in advance all their relatives and friends. Ching and Chang's ticket calls for Sunday, midnight to [illegible]. It's like the sweepstakes on the time the ice breaks up on the Yukon."

Marty rubbed his hand over his head. It was beginning to be a mechanical gesture with him.

"And now that everything is more or less clear," said Alison, rising to her feet, "It's a long way back to town, darlings. When do we see you people again?"

"Dinner time at Alison's Acres," returned Rufus. "I have to drive the car back to Washington where I swiped it off a State Department friend of mine. It won't take long to fly up to Roosevelt Field if I push that little cabin job right along."

"Then that's that. Marty darling, will you step over to the garage and get the car? Also, pay the bill."

Marty reached into his pocket and opened his wallet and stared into it. Then, very carefully, he went through all his pockets and came out with a key ring, the remainder of a package of cigarettes and a marriage license.

"What with?" he inquired. "That $27 fine ruined me."

"Rufus darling," ordered Alison. "You give Marty his first week's salary in advance."

XXXIII

Marty swept the car up the drive to the front of the Truxton Inn, where Alison stood waiting at the top of the steps. She climbed in beside him and settled herself for the long ride. Marty meshed the gears and the car started to roll just as Rufus thrust the upper part of his body out of a second floor window and waved a violent farewell.

"I'll be seeeee mm ——— you!" he roared in a voice that carried for blocks.

Then the car turned the corner and took the road to New York. The outskirts of Truxton fell behind and they passed through a lush country side, dreaming in the Sunday sunshine. Gradually Marty began to step up the speed.

"In a hurry to get home, darling?"

"Not particularly. By the way," he added, as a curious thought occurred to him, "where is home? We're married, all right, but where do we live?"

I have that all figured out, darling. We talked it all over in Budget Cottage, remember? On our pre honeymoon adventure. You didn't know that I did Budget Cottage for Jan Vandergarten last spring, did you? That's why I knew it so well and why they want me back. Also maybe that's why you tell so much at home in it. I was just around you somewhere."

There are lots of things it seems I don't know about you," grinned Marty. "I don't quite like staying at the Acres as a permanent guest."

"We don't. Right now we live in Harlem's West Third Street flat. I'm going to redecorate it completely while you're out driving the milk truck for forty-five dollars a week. Then when you move inside the office and I'm making forty at Vandergarten's we can have Budget Cottage somewhere in the country. When you get your real promotion I can stop work and become a bridge-playing, gossiping, country club cocktail wife, running up large bills and screaming for the Club Zebra and the Ibis."

"Oh, is that so?"

"I can talk about the days or rather, nights, when I was Glamour Girl Number One. I'm not any more. I'm a truck driver's wife."

"And I'm just Marty Conover, the aforesaid truck-driver. The Cinderella Man of the cakes is pluff," observed Marty. He actually blew out a sigh of relief. "Tomorrow's Bulletin will see Vicks' last wisecrack."

"And why didn't you land one on Vicks, darling? You took him out into the backyard through the kitchen after he'd been beaten, and the next thing I saw you were shaking hands with him at his car and saying good bye."

The car rushed past a farm vehicle and continued northward on a road that ran like a ribbon. Marty let it out a little more, while exhilaration pounded in his veins.

"Oh, I changed my mind. Vicks has plenty of what it takes. And he was ready to take it. After all, he's been acting under orders and he's got a couple of cute kids and a very nice if somewhat hard boiled wife. So we shook hands and he said he'd speak to the business manager of The Bulletin about a job for me."

"And you said?"

"I said nerts."

On and on rushed the car, the sunny miles drifting out behind it. Ahead appeared a white post with arms that stretched like an X.

"Marty darling, look out for the railroad crossing!"

"So I married a back seat driver!"

They sped across the tracks and continued due north.

"You married one that always will be, I mean to keep after you and goad you till you get to the top. I'm going to make you go in and get there. You take trouble beautifully, darling, and I don't intend to stop until you're taking success. You've got a great chance and I'm sticking and working right along with you."

She would. There was no doubt that she would. She had walked out of Alison's Acres, to a two room flat next the Elevated, where she would have to do the work all through a hot summer, and she had done it with a smile. He had already seen what she could be like in a home of the room. She had worth, she had value, she was a builder upper.

Alison," he said, "you're the kind of a girl a man can marry on one frying pan and half a dozen teaballs."

"You wouldn't need the teaballs. I don't like tea. What do you want, darling, for your first married life dinner at home tomorrow night in West Third Street?"

"Tomorrow night? Alison, I still have to do ninety days in the workhouse. My Monday's honeymoon dinner in the West Third Street flat will be quite cold before I get back from the Island in the fall."

"Sufficient for the day and so forth," said Alison. "I've a little surprise for you when I deliver

(Continued on Page 21)

"You're the two who want to get married are you?" Shouted the Angry Justice as Marty and Alison Surveyed the Ruin Their Car Had Caused, "I'm fining you $27 damage for my fence and rose-bushes right now. Pay your fine or no marriage inside this house."
"Alison," Said Marty Wearily, "finish the million; the last rebate to Cousin Imogene, $640,000."

The Tiger's Claw

[illegible] Whose Tame Role in the Mystery Was Revealed [illegible] Baroness Strotzki and the Cast of a Leopard's Foot in Her Apartment

The Waghunk or Tiger's Claw, Which Finally Revealed the Missing Link in All the Tragic Events

Card Showing the [illegible] Made [illegible] Waghunk [illegible]

Fanciful Conception of the Scene at the Supposed Was Responsible for the Death. Dog, Is a Sinister Wraith

Police Recon[illegible]
Structions of the Crime in the Forest Glade

READERS of The American Weekly will remember the interesting articles by Mr. Ashton-Wolfe upon the work of the Sureté, the French Detective Police. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, father of the modern criminal identification system and, both during this time and also later, was frequently sent to remote parts of France and to other European countries to check up on new methods of detection and to exchange information.

During these trips, Mr. Ashton-Wolfe made records of a number of extraordinary cases and from his notes has reconstructed the most notable for The American Weekly. Each one, though part of a series, is complete in itself. Thus the reader need not have read the preceding articles to enjoy today's.

CHAPTER VI

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon of the Sureté, French Detective Police.

I [illegible] Hotel Berlin.

[illegible] thought of [illegible] beginning to make their appearance [illegible] Herr Wolf [illegible] I was gazing out upon a city [illegible] considered civilized and [illegible] where [illegible] established [illegible] yet [illegible] by a police force [illegible] and in a type of malefactors [illegible] would be considered [illegible]

Suddenly Lange [illegible] Herr Inspektor Lange to [illegible] demoralized at my side.

"Famous [illegible] mauled by mysterious feline," he drawled in [illegible] imitation [illegible] a newspaper [illegible] Treptow.

"And he sat down.

"Drunken detective [illegible] drunk," I replied. "If you can't talk sense [illegible] it up. It's too hot for argument."

He grinned sheepishly. "Better have another with me, for the sake of your temper—you won't get good beer like this in Treptow and we're driving out there now. The chief's busy on the ground already and he wants us to join him at once. It promises to be an unusual case."

"Then that wasn't just 'Biergas' you spouted?"

He raised the glass which had just been brought to him.

"Prost! Don't blow the froth off, man, it's a sinful waste of good beer. No, it wasn't 'gas' as you call it. The body of Walter Axel Erricson, the erstwhile snipping baron, recently bankrupt, was found an hour ago in Treptow woods, shockingly mauled by a tiger."

"Bah! Tigers don't wander about Berlin's outskirts looking for someone to maul, and no circus or menagerie has passed this way the last few days. Any details?"

"Very little's known so far. I'll tell you all about it in the car. Come on." He rapped on the table and flung down a coin.

Soon the city traffic was left behind and Lange was able to relax and continue his tale.

"This Erricson had been dining with a pal of his, the painter Feuerbach," he related. "He left early and on foot, taking the forest path to the station. A forester passed him, and a little later, happening that way again because of something a farmer had told him, the same forester stumbled on Erricson's body lying in a small clearing, dead! Although he'd evidently fought desperately for his life, no one had heard him call for help. The man reported seeing a tiger's [illegible] on a [illegible] proof [illegible] was [illegible] he [illegible] it [illegible] it [illegible] was [illegible] ing [illegible] the [illegible] it [illegible] favo[illegible] Kuper [illegible] a [illegible] dog, for the dog's [illegible] was not even [illegible] Furthermore, several peasants gave a [illegible] account of seeing a strange animal in the woods [illegible] that's all so far.

"I don't believe it! Erricson was attacked by some lunatic with a razor."

"Ah! [illegible] what about the tiger's spoor and the dead dog? Remember, Axel Erricson was an Olympic man once—a top-notch athlete—no razor fiend'd get him.

"We took the road past the big astronomical observatory, and some time later [illegible] lights glimmering under the trees where our chief, Herr von Wilder, was at work. He was stooping over Erricson's body and rapidly sketching the scene, while a local man held up a big lamp. I could not repress a shudder as I looked at the dead face. It had been literally ripped open from brow to chin. The starched shirt was drenched with blood from another deep gash in the throat, the evening clothes were in tatters, and the right arm and shoulder dreadfully torn. Hanging from a bush was his black overcoat, still partly folded. Obviously the poor fellow had been carrying it—and a jerk of his arms had sent it into the bushes. In startling contrast was his silk hat, which lay close to his outstretched hand absolutely undamaged. Wilder saw my recoil and nodded.

"Pretty bad, isn't it? I've seen a man's face bitten and scratched now and then but never cut to bits like this. The raking action of the hind legs did the worst of the damage while man and beast were rolling about on the ground."

"Whose footprints are those you've covered?" Lange asked curiously.

"Haven't the least idea. Looks almost as though someone'd been having a look at things before we came. Maybe one of the peasants."

"Humph! they're much too small for a peasant," I objected, "and they toe in like an Indian's or an Asiatic's. Have you noticed?"

"I hadn't, but you're right. They may belong to the owner of the cat," Wilder mused. "We'll soon know what kind of beast it was. Some of its fur got caught on the bark of that tree there. Hallo! who's that?"

One of Wilder's men had come pounding up, followed by an excited peasant who at once began to jabber and wave his arms about.

"It was the spotted tiger—the spotted tiger! Always knew it'd get us some day! Himmel und Eisen, only a lunatic'd keep such a creature!"

"What the devil are you burbling about? Who's got a spotted tiger. [illegible] Are [illegible] over this [illegible]

"No! Mein [illegible] beast [illegible] dog. I guess they're [illegible] by now."

"What is the [illegible] man?"

"Beent grossen Peter! He [illegible] the fellow. Erricson was [illegible] Lange interrupted. "[illegible] painter and may have some [illegible] beasts around the place. [illegible] where the escaped tiger came from. [illegible] what you mean? Aha! I've got it."

"All right. I've finished here for tonight anyway. Let's move along and have a look at this spotted tiger." Wilder drawled. "Fool means a leopard, I suppose. Come on, you Dummkopf, show us the way. Not the path, confound you. Keep your hoofs off those footprints."

A badly frightened servant answered the ring. He admitted that his employer's tame leopard had indeed got loose, but it had not left the garden for they'd found the big spotted cat sleeping peacefully in the studio with its inseparable companion, a collie dog. The first intimation they'd had of anything wrong, he said, was when a crazy mob of yokels came clamoring at the gates with the news of the killings. Herr Feuerbach had driven off in his car as soon as the leopard was safely shut in its cage again. Somehow the lock of the cage had got broken.

"Um—m— Get on the telephone, Lange, and warn all patrols to be on the lookout for Feuerbach. It's no mere coincidence that the leopard got out by accident and killed Erricson on the one evening when he came to dine here and was walking to the station. I've heard rumors of trouble between those two. I wonder if the painter trained that big cat to hunt whatever he put it

A New Series of Crime Mysteries in European Countries Where the Famous Agent of the French Secret Police Was Assigned to Study the Scientific Methods of the Surete's Foreign Colleagues

Painter's Studio When the Peasants Arrived to Wreak Vengeance on the Leopard, Which They Took for a Man and a Dog. Hovering Over the Drowsy Beast and Its Inseparable Companion, a Collie Symbolizing the True Nature of the Crime and Unseen by the Rage-Blinded Mob.

Remarkable Photograph of an Actual Leopard Made Demonstrating for His Captors the Use of an African Assegai of the Indo-Malayan Wagbuk

at [illegible] nots [illegible] "It's going to be easy to prove." I said do [illegible] ass would [illegible] if he [illegible] away. [illegible] fur [illegible] bars and I had my first glimpse of the [illegible] stretched [illegible] straw its [illegible] a young leopard. They were [illegible] seps [illegible] Ah, we were too late, [illegible] been [illegible] up [illegible] The leopard looked [illegible] beas [illegible] was [illegible] enough. [illegible] when Wilder plue [illegible] fists for long minutes. Why that [illegible] the tiger showed no [illegible] Ther [illegible] a glass-roofed [illegible] serv [illegible] It was here [illegible] and [illegible] the leopard had been found lying [illegible] the peasants came to shoot it. They had [illegible] to seeing it through the door which [illegible] gates. Wilder spent some time on his [illegible] examining the gaudily colored silks. He had [illegible] and was about to rise, when a high-pitch [illegible] voice startled us.

"[illegible] honorable gentlemans, you permitting I [illegible] for thee cenquierry?"

I [illegible] around and saw Sin Tang Soon, the famous Chinese detective, standing in the doorway.

"Tang—so it was your footprints we saw," [illegible] cried, relieved. "I might have guessed it" [illegible] and he added, while Lange and I were greeting [illegible] friend.

"Have you seen Feuerbach?"

"Honorable artist implore my help and protection. He terrified of arrest, and engage me for defense. He waiting at my contemptible hovel now."

"Well—he'll be arrested at your contemptible hovel. There's no doubt his leopard killed Erricson."

Sin Tang giggled. "You look at padlock? Very [illegible] eh, thee cage open just when strange tiger kill the painter's friend."

Wilder's eyes narrowed.

[illegible] Erricson [illegible] with a razor [illegible]

Wilder nodded and opening the door to the salon, gave it [illegible] a moment without interest. He stuffed an [illegible] as his eyes fell on a superb leopard skin.

"What's the matter?" I was beginning, but he pushed me hastily aside, and dropping to one knee examined the upper surface of the skin, as also its lining, with his lens. I saw he was picking off some fine hairs and placing them in a specimen envelope.

"Humph. I fancy this case is going to make a stir after all, despite friend Sin Tang. What those peasants saw lying peacefully at home was not the living leopard but this leopard skin, artistically stuffed—with cushions probably—because the real animal was still prowling about the wood. So it was the painter's animal after all. It's up to us now to unearth the motive. You go along with Lange and bring in this Feuerbach. He'll spend the rest of the night in a contemptible cell. And if Sin Tang wants to look for his tiger, he can, and good luck to him."

Lange and I had frequently met Sin Tang on cases but this was the first time either of us had visited his "hovel," an elaborate mansion in the Lindenstrasse, bought and paid for with the com-

[illegible] Erricson [illegible] "I dreaded [illegible] executed for what I did not do." It was Erricson who let the leopard out. That he was killed was entirely his own fault.

We quickly [illegible] his [illegible] acquisitions and removed him to headquarters. Von Wilder was poring his office when we entered, having locked Feuerbach in a cell.

"Well?"

"This very curious, un-European crime," grinned Sin Tang. "Subtle, scheming—more like Oriental. You suspect painter only because of leopard, eh? Nothing more?"

"Erricson had helped his friend financially, I've learned. He backed bills for a very large sum, and when they fell due the painter failed to meet them, so Erricson had to pay at a time when he needed every penny. In fact it was this hastened his financial collapse, and he naturally accused his friend of treachery and of purposely having brought about his ruin.

"You not finding anything about woman?"

"Ah! I know what you're hinting at—you're quite right. Both these men had women on the brain. Erricson was the worst though, and continually got into trouble over girls. I've found that he'd actually been poisoned by a country-woman of his about a year ago. Selma Loften is her name. Touch and go it was. She first poisoned

him and then herself with morphia stolen from a dentist. But she overdid the dose—and that saved them both. While she was in the hospital the Scandinavian sent her a check [illegible] He couldn't [illegible] who [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Erricson [illegible] Wilder [illegible]

[illegible] "Good!"

The following evening Sin Tang came to my place with the information that we were going to pay a call on Fraulein Loften.

"Only short of home," he giggled. "Afterwards maybe go to Zoological Gardens. Plenty tiger there."

Just short of a block of modern service apartments he ordered the Chinese chauffeur to pull up and we alighted.

"We going in now burglar method—while Fraulein and doctor enjoy selves at Tiergarten, so my man tell me." And he added over his shoulder: "Servants' night out."

When we reached the apartment building the porter was fortunately not in evidence and we went up in the automatic lift without having been seen. At the third floor we got out and a minute later Sin Tang, with the utmost coolness, was experimenting with a number of keys in the door of an apartment at the end of the hall. I was about to remonstrate when the door swung open and he beckoned me after him.

"You standing guard here, listening for sound of lift, please, while I make search." And leaving me in the tiny entrance hall beside the crack of the nearly closed door, he began to inspect the place with the aid of a flashlight so small that, had someone been watching the windows, its

(Continued on Page 18)

Here's Some for the "Stenog"

When Your Eyes Begin to Smart and the Type Grows Black and Blurs, Squeeze Your Eyelids Together. This Block Them Rapidly 30 Times. Hands Pressed to Temples.

Throw Your Head Back, Eyes Up and Stretch. Take a Deep Breath, Hold It. Then Exhale With Gusto. Puffing Up Your Cheeks Will Relax Your Facial Muscles.

To Limber Up Those Tight Muscles at the Base of the Neck Which Come from Sitting Up Straight for Hours, Cut a Small Strip of Paper. Place It in Front of You on the Desk. Then Bend Down and Try to Snatch It With Your Teeth. Each Time You Try, This Shows the Paper a Little Further Away.

Those Interesting, If Somewhat Impractical, Household Gymnastics Which The American Weekly Introduced Bring Forth Some Others—This Time Entirely Practical. No Matter How Funny They Look

Get the Circulation in Your Wooden Feeling Legs by Lying on Them. Take the Bus Desk, the Desk Pull Up the Right Leg, Then the Left Until it Strikes Your Chin.

Slip Off Your Shoes and Wriggle Your Toes. Rotate the Ankles to Help Those Weakening Arches. Try Putting a Pencil Between Your Toes and Writing With It.

Clench Your Fists and Puff Up Your Cheeks Until You're Ready to Burst. This Loosens Up a "Set Face," Hypnotized by Staring at a Note-book.

Press Your Fingers Tightly Together, Elbows Out, Spine Erect. Just Keep Pressing. Its Supposed to Help a Beautiful Figure.

World's Weirdest Funeral Ceremonies

PROBABLY no people on earth take as much pains and spend as much time preparing for their funerals as do the Dogons of the French Sudan, a primitive tribe in Western Africa, whose weird burial rites are shown in the photographs at the right. They were taken recently during the ceremonial dances for a dead chief.

But the Dogons do not present their elaborate rituals just to honor the dead or pay unusual marks of respect to the memory of the departed. On the contrary they are thinking all the time of themselves and their main idea is to make their world safe for the living.

To accomplish that they do everything they can to frighten the knight out of the new ghost so he will leave them alone. But just in case he turns out to be one of those great hearts like Sir Galahad, wandering [illegible] They [illegible] of a higher [illegible] faith [illegible] his own relatives or anybody else he might have a lingering desire to get even with or perhaps take away with him because he a lone-

Like all other primitive people who have a superstitious fear of the dead, the Dogons are curiously illogical in their attitude toward the spirits of the departed, who are supposed to be a malicious crowd with the power to do all sorts of harm yet at the same time so stupid they can be baffled by simple deceptions any child could see through.

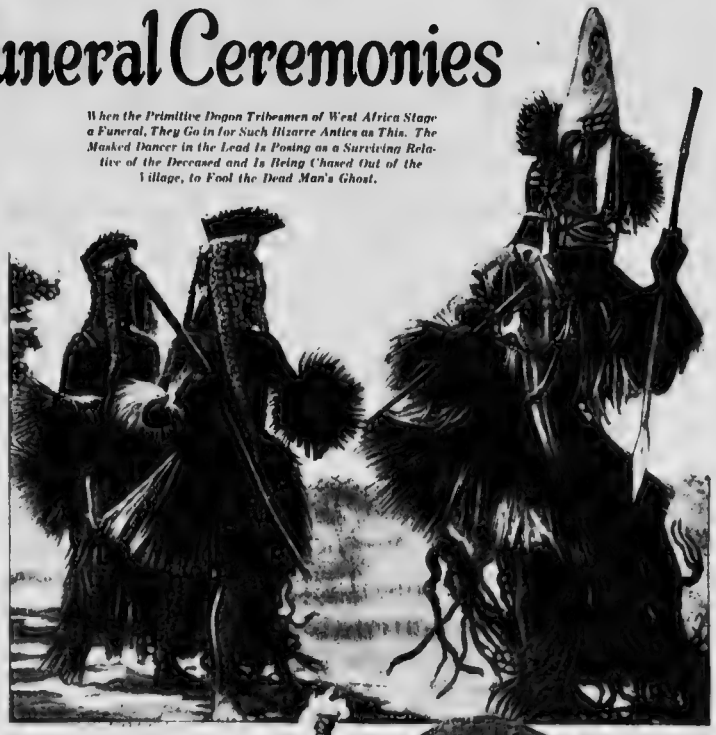
For instance there is usually some particular person each ghost would doubtless like to carry along as a companion in the land of the dead. This may be a husband or wife or a favorite child. So everybody else must be observed to protect that person and throw the spook off the track. First [illegible] circle, where the lonely ghost is not likely to notice him, and takes no part in the ritual.

Someone else wears this man's ornaments and customary articles of attire, and then proceeds to make himself as conspicuous as possible, by running all over the place, jumping and shouting, weeping and wailing, and doing everything he can to attract the attention of the recently deceased. This is to make that spirit believe the dancer is the fellow in hiding.

But it is a risky thing to do. In his exuberance and with his native flair for the dramatic he might go too far with it. He might give such a good imitation of grief and despair that the ghost would be [illegible] deceived and [illegible] and pack him off to the other world. [illegible] take a chance so that [illegible] himself and [illegible] the right [illegible] [illegible] the ghost [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

When the Primitive Dogon Tribesmen of West Africa Stage a Funeral, They Go in for Such Bizarre Antics as This. The Masked Dancer in the Lead Is Posing as a Surviving Relative of the Deceased and Is Being Chased Out of the Village, to Fool the Dead Man's Ghost.



Another Queer Ensemble Worn by the Mourners at a Dogon Funeral. This Is the Outfit Worn at the Banquet Which Is a Pleasant Part of the Last Rites but the Expression on the Mask Is Sad so That the Mourner Won't Seem to Be Enjoying the Feast

[illegible] from if any woman happens to get in the path of a dagger while [illegible] color since he would have more difficulty seeing through it.

[illegible] still murdered in pagan funeral rites.

Look what Florida is sending to you!

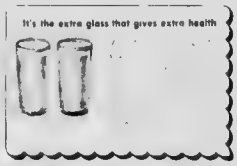
First of this year's golden harvest—juicier, health-packed Florida Oranges—plump, tart and tangy Florida Grapefruit—the finest crop in years!

T

"JUICE BOMBS"—THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE! These luscious new Florida oranges are as nearly *all juice* as an orange can be. Size for size they give you more juice. No thick layer of peeling—just a tender skin over tight-packed segments that fairly drip as your knife slides through their tiny juice sacs. No wonder women vote Florida oranges as best for juice by almost 3 to 1. And more juice naturally means more vitamins—more health.

HOW TO GIVE YOUR TASTE A THRILL. There is no need to tell you that grapefruit is good for you. It builds up your resistance to winter colds and other infectious diseases. It's right up with Florida oranges

"COME AND GET IT" NOW! [illegible] next best thing to a vacation in Florida sunshine, is those golden globes of health that Florida sends to you. So put them on your shopping list and keep them there all winter.



FLORIDA

ORANGES AND GRAPEFRUIT

THE TIGER'S CLAW

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE

(Continued from Double Page)

beam would have not been noticeable. I kept one eye on him as long as he was in the room opening off the hall and putting together in my mind the fragments which his light successively illuminated, got the impression of a dainty, ultra-feminine room. Then the light disappeared and I was left with nothing more interesting to observe than the crack of the door.

He returned presently to show me a small, bronze statuette grotesque of appearance and apparently Indian of origin, for some reason the thing seemed to please him.

"Confound it!" I whispered. "I came here to find something connected with the Erricson case not to admire Indian statuary."

"Burmese, pardon."

"Burmese be blowed! What's that got to do with a tiger?"

I broke off in alarm as the whir of the rising lift reached my ears. The sound of the elevator door on this floor opening and beginning to close, came to us distinctly and from a thing as still as the statuette in his hands Sin Tang became pure motion. He shut the door soundlessly, placed a letter under it, pulled me towards the French doors across the room, and then left and rejoined me without the statuette. So rapidly did all this happen that it did not seem to be a series of separate actions but all one as smooth and flowing as the running of a horse.

On the balcony outside the French doors it was the same. He had uncoiled a long silken rope from around his waist, hung it over an awning bracket, and was urging me to lower myself. I woke from a kind of daze at this point and made him go first. He did not waste time arguing, but disappeared over the railing with the supple motion of a snake.

I had the rope in my hands and was just beginning to follow when looking through the panes of the doors I saw the hall door of the apartment open. A blonde woman powerfully built, with narrow eyes above a knife like nose and sensual lips stood for a moment in the lighted doorway. She was wearing an evening cloak and as she stooped to pick something up I saw the black silhouette of a man behind her. Then the railing of the balcony rose and hid them from sight and several moments later I had joined Sin Tang in the courtyard.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me what the devil all this is about?" I asked as soon as we were in the car.

By way of reply Sin Tang calmly gave my address to the chauffeur and then with mild astonishment remarked.

"You not understanding Herr Wolfe?" he said.

"No, I am!"

"Very simple. You read this." And switching on the car light he handed me a letter. This duplicate of one I leaving under door. (Original written by painting car at my request.

I opened the envelope and read:

"Mein Herr: I am sending this by Herr Rich with instructions place it under in your hands or, if you are out, under the door.

"As you probably know, I have been under arrest since Erricson's unfortunate demise. But today I succeeded in convincing the authorities of my innocence. It is plain to them now, that the lock on Frita's cage was accidentally broken and that Erricson's death was the equally accidental result.

"I say this is plain to them, but to me it is not quite so plain. There are various peculiar circumstances which only one familiar with my home, or perhaps acquainted with the fact that you were kind enough to visit me some hours preceding the 'accident' would recognise.

"But to come to the point. I need not reiterate my passionate devotion to you. You know how long I have loved you and how I have brought you if you could not grant more at least to grant me one week of bliss alone with you.

"This plea I now make once again. Postpone your marriage one week! Grant me the fulfilment of this most cherished dream and not only shall I be forever grateful but nothing I promise you shall ever betray you or threaten to cloud your future happiness with your husband.

"Forever afterwards my life shall be sealed both as to those precious seven days and also as to anything else I might otherwise be tempted to say.

"If in the kindness of your heart you see fit to grant me this favor meet me tomorrow night at nine. Anything else I am too much taken with the thought yet reason convinces me that the safest trysting-place will be the glade where Erricson was killed. The place is now shunned by everyone in these parts. My house might be watched or at the inn we might be observed.

"You need bring no baggage as I have forgotten all your wants for at least one glorious week.

"Your adoring slave, Anton."

After reading this I exchanged a long silent look with Sin Tang. Then I said, "But what's the meaning of that statuette?"

"It just shows she interested in Burmese," he giggled "culture." So, you meeting me tomorrow night you and Herr Lange at scene of crime? Good. Maybe we find a tiger."

Sin Tang loved to mystify his friends particularly when they happened to be detectives engaged in the same case he himself was working on. This time he left me to fit together those pieces of the puzzle he had graciously let fall into my hands. But twist and turn them as I would they stubbornly refused to form a complete picture, one that is that would account for both Erricson's murder by Fraulein Loften plus the leopard and at the same time absolve Feuerbach.

I gave it up finally and prepared to accompany Lange to Treptow. During the day we had not seen the Chinese, but had received a request to meet him at the Ruprecht Inn about a mile from the forest glade at eight o'clock. And we knew he had had a talk with Wilder in the course of which our chief had been persuaded to give out word to the press that Feuerbach had been released. Actually of course he was still in his cell.

We arrived at the meeting place a typically Teutonic hostelry an hour early and sat down to a meal. Before we had finished we were joined by Sin Tang dressed in his usual immaculate city garb and looking notably out of place in this rural setting. We both pitched into him with questions but, with the air of a host informing a dinner party that it was time to leave for the theatre, he merely looked at his watch and said:

"Honorable gentlemans coming now, please."

The whispering trees replying to the wind, and the flickering light of the moon filled the forest with the illusion of voices and movement but nothing tangible rewarded our search and presently we settled down behind a screen of bushes.

You keep quiet please letting me handle whatever happening," Sin Tang whispered and we grunted.

I don't know how long we had waited long enough for the sinister recollections of this glade to have begun to weigh on me when we heard a small cracking noise almost inaudible in the breathing forest but falling on our taut ears with the shock of a gun shot. A moment later the woman I had seen the night before stepped into the clearing from the direction opposite the one we had expected. She was alone and I had barely had time to augment my previous impression of her with the note that she moved with extraordinary ease and grace, yes the grace of a tiger when Sin Tang glided past me.

"Fraulein Loften?" His voice sounded thin and ineffectual as he faced her across the glade for some reason even the pistol in his hand looked ineffectual like a toy. She did not seem startled but standing silently in a pose of complete relaxation watched him come towards her. He advanced slowly and she could see how grunting although his head was turned away from us both Lange and I had our pistols out and had moved to the edge of

(Continued on Page 19)

No "Pure" Human Race

(Continued from Page 6)

[illegible]

that any single world type will be [illegible] rather than a pure [illegible]

[illegible]

Everyone knows that every [illegible] strain of a high civilization [illegible] In the United States it has [illegible]

[illegible]

Here Are the Correct Answers to the Questions on Page 6.

1 — The lady was a Greek she lived in 200 A. D.
Actually a Roman gentleman of the First Century B. C.
3 — She was a Roman girl 1800 years ago.
4 — He was a Macedonian who lived about 400 B. C.
5 — She was an Egyptian girl of 500 A. D.
6 — Bet you were wrong on this she is a Seminole Indian.
7 — Just an Eskimo girl.
8 — Spanish she was once chosen as the most beautiful girl in Mexico.
9 — French once named as its purest type.

Swinging the Football Cheers

(Continued from Page 5)

popular [illegible] Fantha [illegible] era in the school the [illegible] squad opposite of the [illegible] tempo and style although she believes that swing is not a fad that will pass off she says. It may be a fad but while it lasts we want to do with it. We have to keep up with modern things in which the student body is interested. If we help the school this swing business the students will realize that the school is not a back number. You must compete side with youth if you want youth to participate in the school.

This is the first year that the girls have taken over cheer leading. The boys used to do the work, but they lost interest and the girls seem to be doing a better job. The girls were first because they had a central spirit [illegible]

The girls are off the squad this year. There are three officers and three seniors on the squad and all of these brunettes. Jean Bowles and Jane Redford Marjorie Hall Shirley Hess and Mary McCollum are the dark haired girls of the squad. Audrey Phillips and Marjorie Kratzer are the blondes and Margaret Mitchell is the lone redhead. The girls wear a blue Mac the sweaters and they make a beautiful picture of sportsmanship as they lead the school chorus in cheers.

Their fame has travelled like wild fire and other towns throughout the country are beginning to imitate them.

Odd Ideas of the Old Medical Men

In the Late 18th Century Patients Who Swallowed Things They Shouldn't Were Hoisted Feet First on a Wooden Rack. Many of the Old Medical Contraptions Were Like This One. Instruments of Torture.

This Amusing Caricature of 1843 Was a Satire on Some of the Methods That Medical Men of That Day Used in Trying to Cure Patients Suffering from Mental Ills.

This Old Drawing Made in the Early 1700s Shows a Physician Dancing at the Bedside of a Patient to Drive Away the Devils Thought to Be Causing the Disease. He Is Also Shaking His Wand After Such a Visit to the Doctor.

M

this growing menace," said Dr. Charles H. La Wall, Ph.D., of Philadelphia, distinguished scientist, in a recent address.

Eventually the initial letter R, of the Latin word Recipio, meaning "Take Thou of," was used, but the cross stroke on the lower line of the Jupiter symbol itself persisted in the unmodified form in the works of some authors until the eighteenth century.

Dr. La Wall is an expert upon ancient pharmaceutical books and has found many curious and interesting prescriptions of the old time medical men.

We are struck by the fact that there are many compounds prepared from some extract of a snake, he says.

Dr. Great Ant Bite of Mathou against plague, a poison containing 110 ingredients, some of which are [illegible]

[illegible]

The Tiger's Claw

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

(Continued from Page 18)

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 20)

SHE WANTED TO CHEAT

By GEORGE McEVILLY

AS HE sat back smoking cabook while the cab whirled his [illegible] across town [illegible] Hawk [illegible] ought have been time for [illegible] he what's really on. He [illegible] gray eyes shrewd but kindly [illegible] by lightly [illegible] his [illegible] interested. Long experience had taught him that most people would tell all they knew and frequently much more if given the chance to talk and he prized the opportunity now by keeping silent.

[illegible]

Renner Stood Helpless While Gil Tore Open His Vest and Ripped Out the Lining

GIL HAWKINS Investigation

[illegible] Gambling [illegible] like a blood [illegible] and once a [illegible] has been [illegible] [illegible] to attain a healthy growth there are only two things [illegible] keep him out of a [illegible] bankruptcy and jail. [illegible]

[illegible]

THE [illegible]

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 21)

The Tiger's Claw

By H Ashton-Wolfe

(Continued from Page 19)

[illegible]

[illegible] Frankie Lafferty [illegible] the afternoon before [illegible] [illegible] Lafferty [illegible] Malaya [illegible] of the existence of such a thing as a Waghnuk. The question was did Frankie Lafferty know of it too and did she have one but possessed [illegible]

[illegible] past failed to [illegible] of late she had taken pains to cloak her early years in obscurity and so the clairvoyant said to her apartment had recommended itself. There although the hoped for Waghnuk failed to turn up Sun Tang did find the Burmese statuette and other articles which more or less substantiated some [illegible] kind [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] parlor [illegible] of the live leopards [illegible] last three years to cover herself. Her tender [illegible] from [illegible]

(Continued on Page 23)

—AN "OLD GIL" STORY

"No Matter How Smart a Man Is, There's Always Someone Just a Little Bit Smarter."

(Continued from Page 29)

Continued on Page 31

A MILLION FOR MARTY

(Continued from Page 11)

(The End)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any similarity to actual persons living or dead is coincidental.

Almanack Echoes

Memories of Civil War Days and a Southern General's Dinner

[illegible] Almanack [illegible] although food was [illegible] [illegible] the great plantation [illegible] her back cook [illegible] which must have [illegible]

GENERAL FARLY'S DINNER
(for six servings)

[illegible]

"Take a Bow" Department

[illegible]

Mrs. P. Miller Cristobal C. Z.

CRANBERRY HAM

[illegible]

Mrs. R. C. Bush Rosindale Mass.

A MICHIGANDER WRITES

[illegible]

HAS 2,000 OF THEM

[illegible]

FRIED CINNAMON BALLS

[illegible]

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3914 AN ASSET IN ANY WARDROBE [illegible] CLASSIC [illegible] PERFECT [illegible] FIT [illegible] TRIM FAN [illegible] WAISTLINE [illegible] HEAVY [illegible]

Pattern 3958 HANDS THE COLLAR OF HIS TWO-PIECE SCHOOL DRESS BOY SWEET HEART NECK WITH BEFRILLING AND YOU ARE AN ALLURING VILLAIN FOR PARTIES. Design for misses' sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 or 18. Size 14 requires [illegible] yards 39-inch fabric [illegible] dress with [illegible] yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3926 FILET CROCHET THAT WILL ADD RICHNESS TO CHAIR, BUFFET OR SCARF WHEN DONE IN STRING. Pattern 3926 contains detailed directions and charts for making the set shown, and illus[illegible]

Pattern [illegible] [illegible]

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243 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Many Uses for Corn

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

LEGEND tells us that when Columbus discovered this New World and found growing in the West Indies a high green grass with yellow "ears" of [illegible] grain he called it "Indian corn."

Early explorers of every race found corn growing in this new land. The Frenchman, Cartier, reported in his journal corn almost [illegible] the Indian village which later came to be known as Montreal. Spanish adventurers voyaging the then little-known river of the Mississippi brought back such glowing tales of the fertility of the rich black bottom lands [illegible] on both sides of the river that Eastern settlers packed up their belongings and families and pushed rapidly West [illegible] a new type of [illegible]

[illegible] as it is with the [illegible] history and the development of foods and [illegible] before the Christian era.

It is authentically [illegible] that [illegible] their faces, that [illegible] was long and [illegible] a money exchange [illegible]

Queen Elizabeth of England [illegible] fashions by wearing an [illegible] with starch [illegible] The fashion [illegible] by Elizabeth's courtier Sir Walter Raleigh who wore the stiff ruff [illegible] today.

Corn as food even at probably the richest available source of the substance called starch is a most important angle to the housewife, the hostess and the mother of young children. For starch is that natural food product resulting when water and the carbon dioxide of the air affect the green coloring material found in plants under the influence of sunlight. During the growth of the plant, starch is constantly being deposited in the leaves, in the roots, in the ears or grains, or in the fruits of the plants.

Thus corn, cereals and also rye grains, potatoes or bananas are all classed among the starch-bearing foods. Many other plants thus yield food starch but corn has an especially high and rich supply.

Starch is the prime energy food needed by the human body. Whether we walk, run, drive a car, sit or [illegible] at an office desk, we need energy. Whether we are [illegible] or getting on towards sixty, we require a daily quota of energy food according to our weight, body structure, and the rate of our particular [illegible]. When we eat starchy foods the human digestion at once starts making that starch into sugar—natural or "blood sugar," which is to the body what coal is to the house furnace: it keeps the fires burning.

If the starch chain is completely converted, a pure crystalline sugar called dextrose is obtained. Corn syrup produced from the corn kernels is dextrose and therefore starch in its most digestible and energizing form. So important is this form of sugar that doctors specify its use for young children as a spread for [illegible] bread or [illegible], as syrup on [illegible] puddings, and as an ingredient of many other [illegible] and foods.

From the housewife's cooking viewpoint, this same corn syrup has many important culinary uses. Its use in baking [illegible] rich, smooth texture; the same holds true in making ice cream [illegible] corn syrup is a "stabilizer" which prevents crystallization and hence can always be relied on to produce a velvety consistency in these frozen creams, sherbets and other desserts where extreme cold is used.

In candy making, also one of the most agreeable and jolly of indoor winter sports for young folks, the same need for sugar stabilizer arises. Unless ordinary granulated sugar has blended with it a small proportion of corn syrup sugar, the mixture may turn "grainy." Therefore many recipes for making candies, especially of the taffy, caramel and fondant types, call for corn syrup.

In the laundry and bath as well, there are added uses for corn in the form of starch with which to make the children's school frocks appear fresh, crisp and dainty, to give a clean smooth feel to table linens and other articles. Well starched clothing keeps clean longer and always has that fresh look. So too does the person who uses some of the newer products of corn in the form of bath and dusting powders which leave a [illegible] skin.

The fruit of the corn "ear" may be stored on your pantry shelf. Don't let the fact that the outdoor corn season is over prevent you from enjoying the many benefits of corn in your winter homemaking and living.

DELICIOUS DESSERTS WITH CORN SYRUP

Popular Pecan Roll Candy—1 cup light brown sugar, 2 cups granulated sugar, ½ cup white corn syrup, 1 cup evaporated milk, [illegible] cup powdered sugar, 1½ cups broken pecans. Cook together brown and white sugars, syrup and milk, stirring occasionally, to 238 degrees or the soft ball stage. Cool at room temperature without stirring, until lukewarm. Beat until creamy. [illegible] powdered sugar and [illegible] on board until firm. Shape into long roll 2 inches in diameter and 10 inches long. Roll in chopped nuts. Wrap in waxed paper and [illegible] in [illegible] slices with sharp knife. Makes about [illegible] slices.

Steamed Chocolate Sponge—[illegible] cup milk, 1 square bitter chocolate, 2 tablespoons butter, [illegible] cup sugar, [illegible] cup corn syrup, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 well-beaten eggs, [illegible] cup each chopped almonds, raisins and currants, 2 tablespoons [illegible], [illegible] grated lemon peel, [illegible] grated orange peel. Remove crusts from bread and [illegible] with milk. Melt butter, sugar, syrup and chocolate together. [illegible] and [illegible] remaining ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Pour into greased pudding mold and cover securely. Steam [illegible] hours. Serve with whipped hard sauce or whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8.

Coffee Cream Dessert—2 cups freshly brewed strong coffee, 1 cup milk, [illegible] cup cornstarch, [illegible] cup brown sugar, [illegible] teaspoon salt, 2 eggs. Use double boiler and scald together coffee and milk. Blend starch, sugar and salt, and add gradually to liquid. Then in double boiler cook, stirring constantly, about 15 minutes. Beat eggs slightly and add, stirring continuously until mixture is smooth, about 2 minutes longer. Remove. Mold individually in fancy shapes. Chill. Serve with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 6. Especially dainty if ladyfingers are added to the mold before pouring in the cream mixture.

Cranberry Custard Pie—4 cups cranberries, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup white corn syrup, ¼ teaspoon salt, [illegible] grains cinnamon, 1 unbaked pastry shell, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup finely chopped nutmeats. Put berries through food chopper, using fine knife. Combine with 1¼ cups sugar, syrup, salt and cinnamon. Cook until sugar dissolves, or about 5 minutes. Spread mixture over bottom of unbaked shell. Make custard mixture by beating eggs slightly, combining with remaining ¼ cup sugar and adding milk. Pour over berries. Bake in a hot oven at about 450 degrees 10 minutes. Reduce to a moderate oven [illegible] and continue baking until custard is set, or about 45 minutes, adding nuts over top the last 10 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie.

The Tiger's Claw

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

(Continued from Page 20)

visit, she said, she had only made it out of regard for him, as a gesture commemorating the end of their little affair. This was good-bye.

And then she had hidden in the wood, met Errison and slashed him to ribbons. After which, to complete the deception, she had [illegible] the farmer's dog and patterned the scenery artistically with prints of the leopard's feet and tufts of fur.

All this was clear to Sing Tang when we left the Fraulein's apartment. There remained only to catch her with the Waghnuk, and this was the purpose of the letter and the tryst in the woods. The letter had been couched in terms calculated to alarm her, to give her as much incentive for getting Feuerbach out of the way as she had had to remove Errison.

"But why did you ask her to come to the glade?" Lange asked. "Just melodramatics or what? Why didn't you let her go to the house?"

"No melodramatics, Herr Lange. I wishing to place thought of using Waghnuk in Fraulein's mind, just like I whispering to her, 'See, you successful killing Errison in that place, why not Feuerbach?' Only reason for meeting her being she MUST BRING WAGHNUK!"

Next Week: Terror in the Dark

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Cooking Tiresome? Then Try This---

Once again a reader in submitting a prize winning recipe sends along a letter that is so pertinent and helpful that it cannot be passed by with brief comment. In the accompanying article, Mrs. M. Sandman of San Francisco, Cal., who describes herself as "just a housewife reader," makes some very interesting observations. The original drawings are by Mrs. Sandman.

WHEREVER a woman is in charge of activities in a kitchen, whether it be in a city apartment, an up town flat, a country farm house, a [illegible] cottage, a miner's cabin or a hut in the woods, half the monotony and drudgery is eliminated by allowing her imagination and natural artistry to have full play in the careful arrangement of the simplest meal.

The keynote to happiness with [illegible] [illegible] attractively served. A sprig of parsley, or a bit of tender celery top garnishing the serving dish will go a long way to raise dejected spirits, stimulate poor appetites and create an atmosphere of contentment and well-being. It is surprising and often times amusing to see how easily a clever housewife can train her household into accepting with appreciation the most ordinary foods when a little forethought is given to the serving.

Fish day once a week for example seems to hold very little attraction for a household of men. I find that the few extra minutes given to the arrangement of the service at the table amply repays every effort made on this day. An appetizing, wholesome, economical main course for normal healthy appetites is usually a puzzler. Here is one arrangement that I found met with instant approval of the family:

1 large can tuna
6 medium sized potatoes, mashed
2 lbs. green peas, cooked
1 hard boiled egg, sliced
1 lemon, cut in thin round slices
Either chopped parsley or the tops of young celery

Cream Sauce for Fish.

2 cups hot milk
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 tablespoon butter
Salt and pepper
Thicken with 2 tablespoons flour mixed with a little cold water.

[illegible] platter I arranged [illegible] mounds of hot mashed potatoes (made by scooping them up a small tea strainer). I made a depression in each mound with a spoon and filled the cavity with hot buttered peas. Into the hot cream sauce I put the flaked tuna. When thoroughly heated I poured this mixture on to the center of the platter. On top of the fish mixture I arranged the sliced hard boiled egg, one slice over lapping the other. Between the mounds of potatoes I arranged the slices of lemon. Over all I sprinkled very lightly the finely chopped parsley. A salad of sliced tomatoes on crisp lettuce with French dressing had fresh my final course. The dessert was custard pie. I have often served in place of pie or pudding, thinly sliced ripe pears, when in season, sprinkled lightly with sugar, and hot ginger bread. The above meal for 5 persons cost approximately 80 cents.

I have had the responsibility of planning meals under every known circumstance, even on the

open road. And in this latter instance, along with a portable gasoline stove and a collapsible table and chairs, I have never failed to provide a gaily colored tablecloth and napkins, inexpensive, bright colored dishes, knives, forks and spoons, and small tin containers for salt, pepper and sugar that I have decorated myself with a bit of paint.

With accessories such as these even an inexpensive hash takes on all the colorful glamor and zest of a most unusual meal.

In the XVIth Century "Livery" Was Not a Stable, but the English Nobles' Fourth Meal of the Day. It Was Eaten in the Bed Chamber and Was Composed of Sweet Cakes and Mulled Wine.

UP—AND—AT—'EM

FAVORITE RECIPE OF THE FIRST LADY OF OKLAHOMA.

TO give a man the sort of a breakfast that will start the day off with a bang, a man of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. E. W. Marland [illegible] of the Governor of Oklahoma.

[illegible] breakfast [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and poached eggs. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and says. Here it is the way it is prepared:

1 cup salted codfish
2 cups potatoes
½ teaspoon butter
⅛ teaspoon black pepper
1 egg, well beaten

Soak the codfish overnight. Wash in cold water and pick into small pieces. Wash, pare and cut potatoes into small pieces before measuring. Cook fish and potatoes until tender, then drain off water and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Mash, add butter, egg and pepper and beat with fork at least two minutes until well mixed. Drop by tablespoonfuls into deep fat at 385 degrees. Fry until golden brown and drain on absorbent paper. Serve with poached eggs and garnish with crisp bacon.

In the Middle Ages Edward III Induced the Flemish Clothmakers to Visit England and Teach Others Their Trade by Offering Them Mutton and Roast Beef as a Change from Their Herring Diet.

"SALT-RISIN' BREAD"

KATE SMITH IS A GOOD COOK

"I'VE always said that American cooking is the best in the world, so I [illegible] The American Weekly [illegible] The Housewife's Food Almanack," writes Kate Smith, the famous songstress. "I'm a collector of recipes myself and [illegible] grand 'Rumor' [illegible] are giving you just the kind of things I've been gathering from every corner of the country.

"I love to cook and it's a hobby of mine to try out the old-fashioned things once in a while. So here's a real old-time favorite [illegible] 'salt-risin' bread.' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] sugar
1½ teaspoons salt

[illegible] [illegible]

Scald milk, remove from heat and add ½ [illegible] 1 tablespoon sugar, salt and cornmeal. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a pan of warm water [illegible] (120 degrees F.) [illegible] [illegible] lukewarm water (100 degrees F.) [illegible] 1 tablespoon sugar, shortening and 2 cups flour, and beat thoroughly. [illegible] water bath (115 degrees F.) [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dough [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ly hot oven (400 degrees F.) [illegible] moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake [illegible] [illegible] The sponge and dough require a higher temperature (115 degrees F.) than yeast mixtures. The "starter" should be kept at a [illegible] temperature for an active mixture. The [illegible] salt-rising bread is not so light as yeast bread. It is moist and crumbly.

HERE ARE 4 MORE TIMELY PRIZE WINNING RECIPES

BUCKWHEAT CAKES

NOW that winter buckwheat is in and hungry males are growing [illegible] about [illegible] buckwheat cakes. Mrs. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a prize winning recipe which is guaranteed to satisfy any hankering which husbands still have for mother's breakfasts.

"Each night in winter, mother mixed her batter, set it on the shelf behind the stove and in the morning added the soda and a little water," she writes. "Then for breakfast she prepared them this way:

"Two cups of buckwheat flour, ½ cup of cornmeal, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cake compressed yeast or ¼ cake of dry yeast. Stir the molasses into milk and water and cool slightly, add yeast cake which has been dissolved in warm water. Stir in the dry ingredients which have been sifted together.

"Beat until batter is free of lumps and set in a warm place to rise. In the morning add ½ teaspoon soda, dissolved in a little warm water (use less soda if batter is not sour). Beat well and let stand a few minutes before baking. A cup of batter may be saved and used as a sponge for the next baking. Proceed as with the first baking, and add 'sponge' batter instead of the yeast cake. This can be repeated several times and the cakes will be better than on the first morning."

[illegible]

HONEYED CHICKEN

Cut a [illegible] chicken as for frying. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip each piece in beaten egg and roll in fine cracker crumbs. Heat sufficient [illegible] in a heavy skillet to nicely brown the chicken. When the [illegible] hot, fry the chicken [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] When the entire chicken has been browned, remove the skillet from fire. Take one pint of table cream and thoroughly mix in two tablespoons of honey. Pour this mixture over the chicken. Cover and cook in a slow oven one hour, basting occasionally with the added cream and honey.

Miss D. Lee,
536 N. McCadden Place,
Hollywood, Cal.

(This recipe pleased [illegible] every one who tasted it [illegible] [illegible] I would like it better with [illegible] tablespoon of honey. It is very attractive when cooked in a glass baking dish and served with a garnish of crisp watercress or parsley.—Mary Lee Swann.)

MEAT DUMPLING SOUP

1 medium soup bone
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup celery
1 cup carrots
½ cup parsley
½ cup onions
1 tomato
1 tablespoon barley

Dice vegetables, add with other ingredients to 4 quarts of water. Boil 2½ hours covered. Remove bone and add these dumplings:

½ lb. ground beef
[illegible] teaspoon sage
½ lb. ground pork
1 cup soaked bread, salt, pepper
1 egg

Mix thoroughly in order given, form in balls the size of a small egg, and drop in slowly boiling soup. Cook 1 hour.

Lola Holbrook,
Berkley Court,
Waterbury, Conn.

(Most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—Mary Lee Swann.)

(Additional Prize Winning Recipes on Preceding Page.)

BEANBROILER

A QUICK MEAL for a busy day or any day may be built around the prize winning recipe of Mrs. Otto M. Brusinger, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

6 slices toasted bread
1 dozen slices bacon
6 slices of tomato (thick)

Tomato tops toast, beans top tomato, bacon (crisscross) tops beans and the whole thing is set under the broiler to sizzle and brown. Garnish, and bring on the gang.

(This is a fine pick-up snack. I tried it out on a group of young people. Not a scrap was left.—Mary Lee Swann.)

When Cortes Met Montezuma the Spanish Conquistadore Was Served Mole, a Dish Still in Vogue in Mexico. Chocolate, Pumpkin Seeds, Chili and 16 Kinds of Herbs and Spices Are in the Recipe for the Sauce Which Goes With the Turkey, or Pork Which Is the Main Ingredient.

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for every recipe sent to [illegible] and used on this page. Here is a chance for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] There are no restrictions on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to sign your name and address. And write or print plainly. Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Appetizing Menus for the Week *by Mary Lee Swann*

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal Scrambled Eggs, Toasted Muffins, Milk or Coffee	***Breakfast*** Prunes, Cereal, French Toast, Syrup or Jelly, Coffee	***Breakfast*** Grapes, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted French Rolls Coffee Substitute	***Breakfast*** Orange and Pineapple Juice Rolled Bacon Omelets, Delicate Muffins Coffee	***Breakfast*** Bananas with Lemon, Cereal, Broiled Smoked Fish, Potato Pancakes Coffee	***Breakfast*** Orange Juice, Cereal Philadelphia Scrapple Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee	***Breakfast*** Mixed Fruit Juice, Cereal, Goldenrod Eggs on Toast, Coffee
Luncheon Tunafish Surprise Apple Salad, Olives, Swedish Bread, Fruit Sponge	***Luncheon*** Home-Made Succotash, Tomato Rolls Fruit Compote, Nut Bars, Tea	***Luncheon*** Baked Beans in Pot Shredded Vegetable Salad Tarragon Dressing Filled Doughnuts Tea	***Luncheon*** Potato Chowder Toasted French Bread Roll with Garlic Butter Ripe Fruit Cheese Crackers Tea	***Luncheon*** Oysters in Casserole Lettuce Salad French Dressing Reheated Rolls Upside Down Pineapple Cake, Tea	***Luncheon*** Mexican Corn Custard Spinach with Stuffed Egg Garnish, Reheated Left-Over Apple Roll with Cream Cheese Sauce Tea	***Dinner*** Veal Smothered with Mushrooms and Sour Cream, Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Salad with Tomato Dressing, Grape Blancmange or Angel Cake Half Cups Coffee Substitute
Dinner Ham Casserole Raw Spinach or Green Bouquet Salad French Dressing (with or without a suggestion of garlic) Corn Sticks Green Tomato Pickles Baked Pears with Lemon [illegible] Cookies	***Dinner*** Savory Rice Ring with Frankfurters, Green Peas, Green and White Cabbage Salad Celery Pumpkin Pie with Honey Spread on Top	***Dinner*** Lamb Pie with Paprika Potato Pastry Jellied Grapefruit Salad Salad Dressing Home Made Poppy Seed Rolls Apricot Trifle Cookies	***Dinner*** Canneton of Beef Brown Gravy French Fried Onions Vegetables in Tomato Jelly, Apples Pineapple	***Dinner*** Mushroom Timbales Shrimp Sauce Green Peas Broccoli Salad Lemon Dressing Apple Roll	***Dinner*** Rabbit Pie (Old Fashioned), Glazed Sweet Potatoes with Brown Sugar Currant Jelly Grapefruit and Orange Salad Salad Dressing, Coffee Custard	***Supper*** Cinnamon Toast Applesauce Herb Tea or Buttermilk

All-American Food Combinations

AT a recent flower show in one of the largest cities in the United States, writes Mary Lee Swann, thousands of catalogues were distributed. A famous caterer had a concession in the Flower Show building and he had a full page advertisement in the catalogue. His menu card heading ran "Catering keyed to the style of the show."

Chicago Day featured Roast Pig and Raspberry Muffins. The Pacific Coast region featured Baked Salmon, Idaho Potatoes and Fresh Fruits. The Rocky Mountain section featured Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Jelly and Honey Muffins. The South Central section was popular with Roast Young Turkey and Broiled Grapefruit or Grapefruit Salad. Lake Superior Whitefish and Green Apple Pie were the attractions for the Central States. The South Atlantic States menu of Plantation Dinner and Fresh Peach Ice Cream brought suggestions of the Old South. The Sea Foods of the Central Atlantic Coast States were popular with Corn Bread and Steaming Hot Coffee. The North Atlantic States were represented by delicious Apple Fritters and Maple Syrup with an old fashioned New England Boiled Dinner.

On Sunday, the last day of the Flower Show, the Home State featured Choice Prime Ribs of Beef with Browned Potatoes and Blueberry Muffins. A few changes might have been made in the featured dishes, but there seemed to be almost as much interest in the combinations on the menu cards as in the printed catalogue of the Flower Show and the flowers themselves.

There is no reason why any home-maker cannot use the same idea in serving Sunday dinners, the evening meals or holiday repasts to her family. By varying the combinations to suit the needs of her group, she can introduce elements of adventure, romance and history into the sometimes prosaic business of providing food for the family.

FRIED BREADS NOW-AND-THEN

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking

MANY families enjoy hot fried breads, but for various reasons never have them. They are usually considered indigestible, rather troublesome to make and not the least expensive bread that can be served.

But when carefully made fried foods need not be indigestible, expensive or troublesome.

Further, it is pleasant to serve them, because everyone enjoys the delicious flavor of carefully-fried things. For deep-fat frying use a heavy kettle, flat on bottom and having straight sides. Have a wire basket, preferably with a handle, which fits into the kettle and, if possible, a deep-fat frying thermometer. The thermometer removes guess-work as to the temperature and assures success. The kettle should be large enough to allow several inches of space above the fat.

There are many fats that may be used for deep-fat frying. Because butter burns at a very low temperature, it should not be used. Set kettle containing fat on back of stove until cold. Strain the fat after each using through two or three layers of cheesecloth. Store in a cool place.

If these directions are followed, your fat may be used over and over again.

Emergency Doughnuts

BEAT 1 egg, add 1 cup sugar and beat well. Add 1 cup milk alternately with 3 cups sifted flour, sifted again with 6 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Drop by spoonfuls into hot deep fat. When nicely browned, drain on unglazed paper. When cool, roll in granulated or powdered sugar.

Crullers

MIX 1½ cakes yeast with ¼ cup lukewarm water. Add 1 cup scalded and cooled milk. Add 1½ cups sifted flour. Beat until smooth, cover and set aside until light. Add ½ cup melted butter or shortening, 2 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and sifted flour to make a dough, about 3½ cups flour. Knead until smooth and elastic. Turn into a buttered bowl, and set aside until doubled in bulk. Turn out on a floured board, roll about ½ inch thick. Cut into strips about ½ inch [illegible]. Fry [illegible]. Drain on unglazed paper.

Lemon Doughnuts

MIX 1 cup sugar with 2 tablespoons thick sour cream. Add 2 beaten eggs, ½ teaspoon lemon extract and 1 cup rich sour milk. Mix and sift 4 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Combine with sugar mixture. Add additional flour to make a dough that is just stiff enough to handle without sticking. Turn out on a floured board, roll and cut out. Fry in hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper. When cold, roll in powdered sugar.

Filled Doughnuts

ROLL yeast doughnut dough very thin. Cut into small rounds. Place a little jam, marmalade, jelly or preserves on ½ of the rounds. Brush the edges with cold water. Press the other rounds over the filling, pinching edges together. Let rise until light. Fry in hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper.

Marital Notes of a Puzzled Opera Singer

(Continued from page 9)

the rate of $250 a month.

Mr. Marshall says it was entirely his wife's idea that during the confinement she would study instead of "wasting any more time." One after another he answers and denies all her main charges. Realizing that it was beyond his powers to pay $500 a week, Mr. Marshall says he induced her to sign a new arrangement by which he was to pay $25,000 instead, part cash down and the rest in notes to be paid off at the rate of $4,000 each March.

She was also to receive for the custody of Helen $150 a month, plus $500 for her school years and $1,500 for each of her four college years. The court accepted and made the new agreement authoritative, with the provision that should he ever slip up in the payments the old $500-a-week decree would go into effect again.

[illegible] asserting that Mr. Marshall has failed to keep up with his payments. Mr. Marshall's attorney declares that his client is not at fault because, it is charged, he has not defaulted in the payment of $4,000 which is not due until March. Mr. Marshall's attorney claims that Carolina has the right to proceed against Everett on this count only if he should fail to pay the $4,000 on the day it is all due. Now the baritone, as he sings in the revival of Blossom Time, must try not to remember that, in spite of everything, he faces more litigation.

However, he has at least one consolation. His second wife has said that if his career threatens to interfere with her domestic life, she will give up the career.

She Wanted to Cheat

(Continued from Page 21)

in. In this instance it was Renner."

"I can scarcely believe that Renner is a cheat. I met him in Florida last winter. He said his home was in San Francisco and that he would look me up the next time he visited New York. He did so some weeks ago and we've played together regularly ever since."

"And you've lost while he has been a constant winner," Gil interposed.

"That's right," Worthing admitted sadly. Then his face brightened. "Except the first time we played here. That night my luck was marvelous."

"It wasn't luck. It was Renner," Gil asserted.

"You mean Renner cheated for me?" Worthing [illegible].

Gil regarded him from beneath lowered brows.

"Think back, Mr. Worthing."

Tony Worthing thought, and as he did so a look of amazed understanding dawned on his face. He pounded his knees and roared with laughter.

"I [illegible]," Worthing gasped when he could contain himself. "When I [illegible] to the game, I made some [illegible] remark about supposing I'd lose again while he would win. He immediately suggested we play our hands independently and after the game split our joint winnings. I thought it unfair to him but he insisted, explaining that he felt he was due to have a bad night. Furthermore, he made me a good stiff bet that I would win. I did, while he finished a small loser," Worthing admitted shamefacedly, "but when I reimbursed him for his losses, gave him 50 per cent of the net winnings and also paid the wager, I had nothing left. I won, but he got the money."

Gil smiled knowingly.

"All in accordance with the best traditions of the game, Mr. Worthing. You are a sucker when you lose, and when you win you continue to be a sucker. Renner won by dealing you the winning hands."

"You almost convince me that luck isn't everything in poker, Mr. Hawkins."

"Luck!" Gil snorted. "I suppose you think Miss Gordon's sudden winning streak was due to luck!"

"What?"

"Show him, Miss Gordon," Gil directed.

The girl's performance was an inspired one. Gil watched with pride while Tony Worthing's eyes fairly popped out of their sockets.

"You win!" he exclaimed when she had finished. "I'm cured! No more poker except with life-long friends, and only penny-ante."

"It's a good pledge," Gil grinned broadly. "Good until you break it."

"If he breaks it, I'll break his too," the girl promised.

"Possibly under those conditions the pledge will not be broken," Gil admitted.

The End

The Ford Motor Company

now offers

FIVE QUALITY CARS

THE FORD V-8 is built to provide comfortable, dependable transportation at low cost. It offers a choice of two V-type 8-cylinder engine sizes—the famous 85-horsepower engine for better performance—or the thrifty 60-horsepower engine for better economy. "60" owners regularly report 22 to 27 miles a gallon. The 1939 Ford is a handsome big car, inside and out. It has more room and an unusually large luggage compartment. It has big hydraulic brakes, built to strict Ford standards of safety and precision. Three body types, three colors.

THE DE LUXE FORD V-8 is designed for people who want the basic Ford advantages with a little more luxury and style. Its flowing lines for 1939 are more modern than ever. It is roomy and richly appointed. Like the Ford V-8, it embodies important improvements in comfort, as well as big hydraulic brakes. The smooth efficiency of its 85-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine has been proved by millions of owners. In appearance and performance, in completeness of equipment, the De Luxe Ford sets a new high for low-price cars. There are five body types, six colors.

THE MERCURY 8 is an entirely new car—and a new value. It takes its place between the De Luxe Ford and the Lincoln-Zephyr, promising in its price class the same satisfaction and pride of ownership. Skilful streamlines and a wide, roomy body give the Mercury something of the character of the Lincoln-Zephyr. Rich interior appointments reflect its outward beauty. Advanced engineering makes it unusually quiet and comfortable. It has a big new 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine and big hydraulic brakes. Choice of four body types, eight colors.

THE LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V-12 is acknowledged to be the style leader of its era. It has turned modern automotive design in a new direction. Beneath the car's graceful streamlines, in closed types, is the only structure of its kind—the unit body and frame. Steel panels are welded to a steel, truss-type framework. Powering the Lincoln-Zephyr is the V-type 12-cylinder engine—giving outstanding performance with unusual economy. Owners report from 14 to 18 miles on a gallon of gasoline. The 1939 car has big hydraulic brakes. Six body types, eight colors.

THE LINCOLN V-12. As nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to build. Such is the Lincoln. This magnificent automobile is created unhurriedly in one of the world's famous precision plants, where the tradition is to build the best regardless of cost. The result is a car which provides luxurious transportation through the first and second hundred thousand miles. The 150-horsepower Lincoln V-type 12-cylinder engine is admired wherever motor cars are mentioned. There are many body types, including a wide range of designs by leading custom body builders.

THE FIVE CARS in the Ford-Lincoln line for 1939 give you a choice of more than thirty different models—from which you can pick the one that fits your own ideas of size, style, power and price. Whichever you choose, whatever you pay, you'll get top value for your money.

That's true of the lowest priced Ford—and the highest priced Lincoln. It's true of the cars in between. All of them have one important thing in common—inherent quality.

The quality of Ford and Lincoln cars comes first from the fine materials that go into them—and the precision workmanship that produces them. But quality comes most of all from the fact that back of these cars is the only automobile plant of its kind—where production processes are controlled from iron ore to finished car—and savings passed along as extra value.

Typical of the quality in each car is its V-type engine—once found only in very expensive cars—and brought to all price fields only by Ford. V-type engines are compact and efficient. They deliver high power in proportion to their size—and smooth performance with unusual economy. They hold world's records for land, sea and air.

Things are happening in the automotive world this year! Nowhere is the advance more marked than in the Ford Quality Group. It's sensible to see our dealers before you buy any car at any price.